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Vol. CXCVIII, No. 2587
SEPTEMBER 3, 1949

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FAMOUS INNS AND THEIR SIGNS

The "White Bull," RIBCHESTER LANCS.

A tablet upon the wall of the "White Bull" at Ribchester commemorates a reconstruction scheme in 1707, but the inn itself is of still greater antiquity. Indeed, evidence exists of an unbroken link between the present inn and the Roman occupation of Britain. Archæologists believe that the porch pillars were taken from the Temple of Minerva, and that a Roman magistrate's court once sat where customers take their refreshment today. A comparatively modern feature is the inn sign, a boldly original carving of the White Bull itself, the work of a long-forgotten local sculptor. Modern road travel, made possible by John Boyd Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tyre, offers to all the opportunity of enjoying the charm and interest of Britain's ancient inns.

THIS PICTURE WAS SPECIALLY PAINTED BY C. WALTER HODGES FOR THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED

Volume CXCVIII No. 2587 The SPHERE, London, September 3, 1949

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

TERRITORIAL PARACHUTISTS DEMONSTRATE THEIR PROWESS—MEMBERS OF THE 11TH BATTALION (WEST LONDON AND MIDDLESEX) OF THE 4TH PARACHUTE BRIGADE (T.A.) DROPPING IN FULL BATTLE ORDER FROM A DAKOTA OVER NETHERAVON AERODROME, SALISBURY PLAIN: The drop took place during a realistic "battle" in the course of the Territorials' annual training in camp at Windmill Hill

Britain's Territorial Army, reconstituted in the post-war years, has not made the spectacular advance in numbers for which the War Ministry had hoped, but its quality is, if anything, higher than ever, and the diversity of its roles remarkable. This picture was taken above Netheravon Aerodrome as the superbly fit and intensely keen members of the 4th Parachute Brigade, in the second week of their annual training, made descents in the presence of the War Minister, Mr. Shinwell, and the Director-General of Military Training, Lieut.-General R. N. Gale. After the men had landed and reached their assembly points, they set off on separate missions, one unit being charged with "the destruction of a power-station" near Imber, an exercise demanding forced night marches and repeated patrolling. The work of the 4th Parachute Brigade is all the more impressive when it is realised that only a small proportion of the men had any parachute experience during the Second World War.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

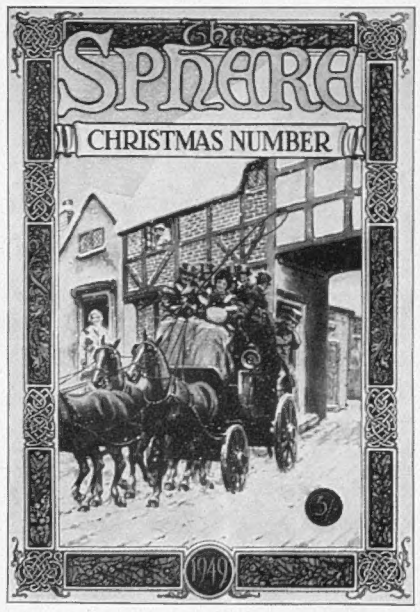
Brief Escape.—I have found it a pleasant variation from the year's normal round to try shooting a few grouse in lieu of airing them. Pleasant to leave my burnt-toast lawn and arid border and many a stagnant trouble, and to wander beside a Highland river and fall asleep to the music of its waters. Pleasant to write less about politics, which are controversial, and more about Nature, which is usually a harmonising influence. As Virgil wrote: "*Cecini pascua, rura, duces.*" For a week or two we will let the *duces* go to the deuce. Anyway, our political bosses are themselves mostly abroad or on holiday, and it is pleasant to forget them. In my wilderness, the sober newspapers arrive too late for topical commentary on the crisis of the hour. *Solvitur ambulando* served very well as a maxim for Ministers a century ago. And it 's not a bad maxim for a very short holiday in August-September 1949. But I find, I confess, that *walking* up these hills is easier done on a pony.

The Unspeakable Scot.—Unspeakable and apparently unwritable. I am never allowed to say a word in praise of Scotsmen or Scotland. Any such dewdrop is countered at once by a couple of poison letters from Scotophobes. They say that the Scots who steal the best jobs from Englishmen are such arrant boasters. Some say the trouble began when Scott sold Scotland to the English (*temp.* Geo. IV.). Others date their phobia from that batch of Scots Premiers between Balfour and Ramsay Mac. A rather slender thread on which to hang a hate, since among the batch so many very English characteristics were observable. Be that as it may, there are a number of Englishmen always with us who see red when Scotland comes in for a good word. I couldn't care less. I am always happy in Scotland; perhaps because I am on holiday, perhaps because a change of scene is cheering. In the Highlands, at any rate, there is an improvement in manners, a smile over the counter, a sense that small difficulties are not insuperable, a little less slavery to regulations, a deal more rude plenty, much less queueing and crowding; above all, 500 miles added to the distance from Whitehall. When I leave Euston, I am flying no doubt from *toujours perdrix*. And now (after long years of waiting) I am back to a land which maintains quite a few coveys of grouse. Yes, at long last, the grouse are coming back, and in a year or two, despite the crushing new economic problems, the lodges will be tenanted again and dollars will drop on the heather.

Make and Mend.—But, oh dear! what a lot of work will be needed to repair the damage done to those sometimes frail tenements, the Highland shooting lodges, by neglect, by rain, by time. Roofs leak, windows jamb, moths have devoured the furnishings. Paths and footbridges have disappeared. The butts are but scars on the heather. Water supplies have rusted, electric engines conked out, outhouses and bothies and kennels are stripped of planks and glass. Drains and gutters have fallen in and off. And those charming gardens which could be relied on for vegetables and raspberries are a' wed awa', and sheep crop the lush grass under the windows where of old the herbaceous border provided flowers for the sitting-room. Even the burns have changed their channels, even the favourite salmon pools have changed their nature. But that is another story. It is high time to make and mend, with dollars as a reward of labour. A far-sighted Government would see the point and offer facilities. And, who knows? If the Americans and the dollars come back, those strongly-built and deserted sheep farms in the lonely places may once more afford a healthy life for healthy families in a land of plenty and beauty. In old days, the American invasion brought civilisation and change and pickings to scores of these lonely and lovely outposts, and made the long, solitary winters worth while.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN ISSUES A PROCLAMATION—SIGNING THE DOCUMENT AT THE WHITE HOUSE TO PROCLAIM THAT THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY WAS EFFECTIVE FOLLOWING THE RECEIPT OF RATIFICATION FROM FRANCE, LAST OF THE SIGNATORIES: The witnesses of the President's signature were, from left to right: Mr. Hoyar Miller (United Kingdom), Ambassador Henrik de Kauffmann (Denmark), Mr. W. D. Matthews (Canada), Mr. Louis Johnson (United States Secretary of Defence), Ambassador de Morgenstierne (Norway), Ambassador Bonnet (France), Baron Silvercruys (Belgium), Ambassador Pereira (Portugal), Secretary of State Dean Acheson, Jonkheer O. Reuchlin (Netherlands) and Mario Luciolli (Italy)

The Empty Crofts.—There are still some folk in this island who can do without much society and even without cinemas twice a week. The wireless is a mighty ally in the lonely places, and if television develops a good deal further, it will go some way to solve the social problems of remote and isolated dwellings. It is the children who are the prime difficulty, or, rather, their education. Whatever efforts are made by the authority to transport them daily to school, it must often mean long journeys, doubtful in winter, and longer hours. Yet it is children which these strong, stone-built and now deserted crofts need. Set gloriously in the midst of beauty and plenty and in the most healthy surroundings, they still are, as they were, the cradle of splendid men and fine women, independent, resourceful: with high ideals and noble traditions, the best leaven, it may be said, for the new national loaf that is, we hope, to be.



"THE SPHERE" CHRISTMAS NUMBER

THE SPHERE CHRISTMAS NUMBER—the first since the war—will be published on November 17. It contains a number of fine reproductions in colour, the work of old masters and of leading present-day painters and illustrators. Special sections are devoted to flower paintings and to a selection of pictures from the new National Gallery of Sports and Pastimes at Hutchinson House. In the centre of the magazine is a reproduction of one of Pieter Bruegel's most celebrated pictures—"The Netherlands Proverbs." Stories and articles are contributed by Stella Gibbons and John Gore. Two stories by celebrated Victorian writers have been revived—*The Holly Tree*, by Charles Dickens, and *Angels' Music*, by Mrs. Henry Wood; and there is an illustrated section of the delightful amateur theatrical episode in Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park*.

Copies of THE SPHERE CHRISTMAS NUMBER *can be ordered through any railway bookstall or newsagent or from The Publisher,* THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, price 3s. By post, 3s. 3d., anywhere*

In Search of Freedom.—There is a fair number of cars and caravans on the roads of Scotland, though not as large as I expected. It is clear that the Continent has stolen the show. Young and old have "joined the rush, chiefly [says *The Times*] to taste again for a brief spell the joys of having more petrol, more, and more varied, food and *the long-lost sense of freedom.*" There is a peculiarly bitter sting in the tail of this quotation. We accept that unsoluble puzzle that Italy (conquered) and France (enslaved) are lands of plenty, and Britain (victorious) a land enslaved to petty restrictions and enured to a dull and deficient diet. We paid more than our fair share for the war, and being the honest fool of Europe, we go on pinching year after year to pay our debts—and without any startling success at the time of writing. But that "long-lost sense of freedom"? It suggests more than an awareness that we are most damnably fettered by petty and innumerable restrictions and inquisitions. It suggests that we have lost the will for freedom, that we kiss the rod and would be lost without our ankle-rings, turned loose on the streets, outside the prison walls. We know there is a type of old lag who feels like that. But not all of us have lost the longing for freedom. The figures given by the A.A. and R.A.C., covering January to July, are surprising and convincing. They have made bookings in that period for nearly 60,000 motor vehicles, twice as many as ever before. And the advertisements for coach tours on the Continent fill columns every day. And I think those who "steer north" from Southern England have the same urge. Perhaps these pioneers, when they have tasted freedom again, will raise their voices in a sad and decorous *Fidelio* chorus and ask for a taste of it even in England.

Mac Cailean Mor.—The full text of the late Duke of Argyll's letter to Sir Alfred Mond has not been published in his obituaries. But printed copies of it have been passed round for decades. Mr. Balfour thought it a masterpiece of invective, and a masterpiece it was, in some sort, in my opinion, for I have read and enjoyed it more than once. There was a good deal in it about tooth-drawing, with special application to Mond. I have never been quite sure if the letter was also a masterpiece of humour, conscious or unconscious. As a younger man, the late Duke certainly had a dry humour which could be enjoyed by the initiated. As he grew older, I imagine it became obscured by allusions to the rare and curious knowledge which he had absorbed in a long life devoted to research into the past. But there was nothing dry as dust about his belabouring of Mond nor of his vigorous replies to official letters which laid commands on him in his capacity of Lord-Lieutenant. Mac Cailean Mor, like his predecessors in office, was more than a chieftain, he was a king in his own land, at least in his own opinion, even in the days of austerity and Socialism.

The Unruly Member.—There has recently been a flood of recrimination in speeches on both sides of the Atlantic. The "two great English-speaking nations" have been going at one another hammer and tongs, to the manifest delight of their enemies. These recriminations and bandied insults are dangerous only, or chiefly, when they are made by responsible Ministers or acknowledged statesmen. The "freedom of the Press" in both countries is accepted—and understood. It means that the cheaper elements can be as mischievous and tasteless as they please and nobody pays much attention to their blurb. It is another matter when a Minister throws the mud. And that leads to a consideration of the power of oratory to persuade an individual, a party or a nation to alter a cherished policy and to accept another. Instances from history of a single speech or series of speeches having that result are very rare. On the other hand, concentrated and prolonged propaganda directed upon an ignorant or enslaved people can certainly achieve the end desired. But when responsible statesmen address themselves to responsible people with a view to converting them to a change of view, what reasonable prospect of success can be hoped for? I should say none at all. It is but beating the air.

They Have Been Warned.—The great financial crisis of August 1931 came something of the suddenest. History will judge that the present Government had warnings enough that they must mend their ways. The warnings have been going on crescendo for months, years. From America, from home industry, from the Opposition, from the Socialist camp. The F.B.I. in August put it in a nutshell: "Evidence is accumulating that Britain is believed by other countries to be attempting to achieve too quickly what she can no longer afford. The savings of past generations have been spent in the war. Future prosperity depends on present effort. In the competitive conditions that are increasingly to be expected it is essential that every help be given in reducing costs of our exports: value for money alone will enable us to sell in oversea markets." This means, F.B.I. adds, that taxation must come down, to create adequate reserves and to inspire that initiative which alone can achieve the type of exports which will be absorbed overseas. But there can be no reduction in taxation without corresponding reduction in Government spending and without concentration only on essential legislation, of which there is no sign at the time of writing. And if the Government will not cut expenditure, how shall it persuade the miner and the railwayman to accept less to spend without an equivalent reduction in taxation?

THE OLD STAGER

AMERICA'S MAN OF THE MOMENT—MR. PAUL HOFFMAN, ADMINISTRATOR OF THE ECONOMIC CO-OPERATION ADMINISTRATION, ADDRESSING A PRESS CONFERENCE IN LONDON ON COMPLETING HIS TOUR OF THE EUROPEAN CAPITALS : Mr. Hoffman put two objectives before British industry in his momentous speech on the eve of the dollar talks in Washington. They were to increase by at least five times the number of firms selling to the dollar market, and to treble the volume of exports for dollars. In his view these were both practical goals, and in this connection he urged more aggressive salesmanship as a key to the situation. Mr. Hoffman, with his arrival in London, concluded his tour of the countries participating in E.R.P., a tour which has taken him also to Rome, Venice, Athens, Paris and Brussels

MR. HOFFMAN'S CALL TO BRITISH INDUSTRY

The Marshall Aid Administrator Urges Aggressive Salesmanship

MR. HOFFMAN CALLS ON THE BRITISH MANUFACTURER TO TAP THE HUGE RESERVOIR OF AMERICAN BUYING POWER : *On top and below*—Two studies of the Marshall Aid Administrator as he addressed his Press Conference. Mr. Hoffman's vast business experience has made his approach to the European problem essentially realistic

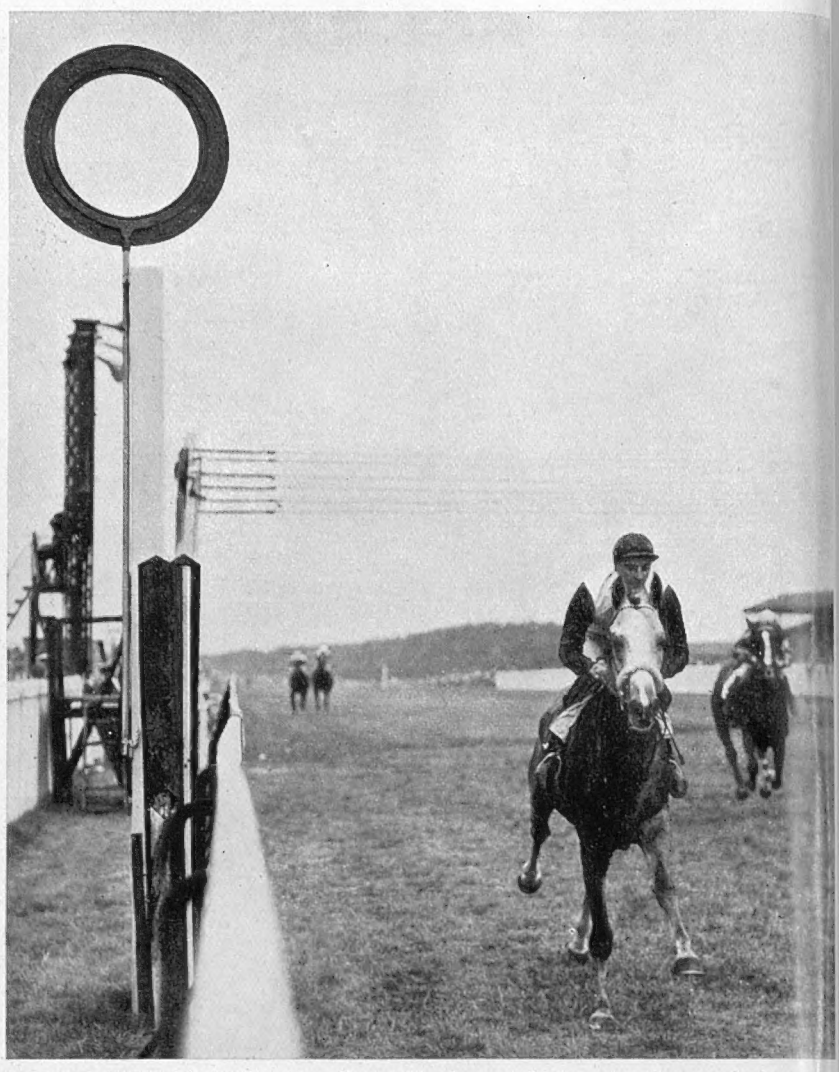
MR. LEWIS DOUGLAS SITS BESIDE MR. PAUL HOFFMAN : The American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's with the Marshall Aid Administrator. Mr. Douglas still wears a black patch over his left eye, but it is believed that the eye is making a steady recovery. Mr. Douglas has had two operations following his accident. He has now left for the United States for the dollar talks and a brief holiday

COLONIST II IS LED INTO THE UNSADDLING ENCLOSURE AT SALISBURY AFTER HIS RUNAWAY VICTORY IN THE UPAVON STAKES: Mr. Churchill's horse surrounded by an admiring crowd after winning. Colonist II started a hot favourite, and to the accompaniment of a storm of cheering, won by four lengths

WINSTON'S WINNER

Colonist II Romps Home at Salisbury in his First Race

Mr. Churchill was not able to see his first racehorse win his first race, being at Nice, where he is recuperating from a severe chill. The Salisbury crowd greeted Colonist's success rather in the manner of a classic victory. As Conservative had won the previous race, many backers on the course brought off a double. Captain Soames, Mr. Churchill's son-in-law, led in the colt after his success. Colonist's next race, when he will take on stiffer opposition, will probably be at Windsor, and he may run at Ascot a fortnight later. Mr. Churchill's colours are pink and chocolate. He registered them for the first time this summer.



COLONIST II ROMPS HOME: Mr. Churchill's horse winning the Upavon Stakes from Mr. J. A. de Rothschild's Moth and Mr. J. V. Rank's Appealing. Hats and umbrellas were waved, and there were shouts of "Good old Winnie!"

A VAST CROWD WATCHES THE RACING AT YORK—THE FINISH OF THE WYKEHAM HANDICAP ON "EBOR" DAY: Britt, on Mr. C. W. Jackson's Peri Game, passing the post with a clear lead over Cherry Island and Eastern Flight. The four-day York meeting produced some good fields, and some very poor fields, and the usual enormous crowds characteristic of North Country racing. The success of the Aga Khan's fine colt, Palestine, in the Gimcrack Stakes means that this owner-breeder, who has contributed so largely to the development of the British thoroughbred, will make the principal speech at the forthcoming Gimcrack dinner

THE EARL OF HAREWOOD AND MISS STEIN ARRIVE AT VICTORIA STATION AFTER THEIR HOLIDAY IN AUSTRIA : The Earl and his fiancée had just got back from a holiday with Miss Stein's parents at the See Hotel at Fuschl, near St. Gilgen, in Austria. Twenty-two years old, Miss Marion Stein was born in Vienna, and shares her fiancé's love of music. The young couple hurried into a car, doing their utmost to avoid the photographers who were waiting for their arrival

MISS MARION STEIN AT VICTORIA STATION : The fiancée of the Earl of Harewood was dressed in a simple light grey suit. Behind her are her parents, with whom she and the Earl spent their holiday in Austria. The Bishop of Ripon, the Right Rev. Dr. G. A. Chase, will marry the Earl of Harewood and Miss Stein on the 29th of this month, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He will be assisted by the Rev. K. H. Thorneycroft, vicar of St. Mark's, and the Rev. H. H. Griffith, vicar of Harewood

LORD HAREWOOD AND MISS STEIN

Return to London After a European Holiday

KING ABDULLAH IN EDINBURGH

KING ABDULLAH OF THE JORDAN INSPECTS THE PIPE BAND OF THE ROYAL SCOTS REGIMENT AT EDINBURGH CASTLE : The King, for ten days the guest of the British Government, was greeted at the Castle with a 21-gun salute, and there was a Royal Salute from the guard of honour. After luncheon with the Lord Provost, King Abdullah made a tour of Edinburgh, and was received at Holyroodhouse on behalf of King George VI by the Duke of Hamilton. Last Saturday King Abdullah journeyed to Balmoral, where he took lunch with the King and Queen. It was announced last Monday that King Abdullah would leave for Spain this week-end

THE NEW GATEWAY TO BRITAIN—THE ELABORATE DOCKSIDE RECEPTION STATION NOW TAKING SHAPE AT SOUTHAMPTON: The "Queen Mary" is seen in dock at the berth opposite. The new terminal building will be ready in 1950 and, with its luxurious appointments, will do much to ease those moments when the traveller, stepping from the superb comfort of the "Queen" liners, comes ashore in England to face the passport officers and the inevitable ordeal of the Customs

BRITAIN'S NEW OCEAN TERMINAL

A 39-Storey Addition to the Manhattan Skyline

U.S. Steel's American Bridge Company has achieved some high-speed construction on the building lot given by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jnr., on the East River side of Manhattan facing the borough of Queen's on Long Island. The work of erecting the steel framework began at the start of June, and this framework is scheduled for completion at the end of this month. The whole building should be ready by the late autumn of 1950. The framework contains 13,000 tons of steel.

On neighbouring sites speculative builders are already preparing for the boom which will beyond doubt accompany the setting up of the United Nations Headquarters in the heart of America's industrial capital.

The United Nations building is only a few blocks from the Grand Central Terminal and Times Square. It flanks 1st Avenue and is situated between 42nd St. and 48th St. The entire property covers 18 acres, and it cost Mr. Rockefeller 8,500,000 dollars.

FRAMED BY THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING AND THE CHRYSLER BUILDING: The steelwork of the United Nations Secretariat has reached the twenty-sixth storey, and there are thirteen more storeys to complete before it joins the other giants of Manhattan. The Empire State Building on the left is the tallest building in the world. The Chrysler building (right) is the second tallest

THE BODY OF THE TENTH DUKE OF ARGYLL WHO NUMBERED AMONG HIS MANY TITLES THAT OF ADMIRAL OF THE WESTERN ISLES, IS TAKEN BY R.A.F. MOTOR-LAUNCH ON ITS LONG JOURNEY TO THE FAMILY BURIAL-GROUND AT KILMUN : Watched by the tenantry of Inverary, and members of the Clan Campbell, the coffin started its journey down Loch Fyne through the Kyles of Bute and up to the Holy Loch. Some of the mourners went by boat, but the majority went overland to Kilmun by cars, shooting-brakes and in a fleet of buses

CLAN CAMPBELL MOURNS the CHIEF

The Funeral of the Tenth Duke of Argyll at Inveraray

The tenth Duke of Argyll, Chief of the Clan Campbell, who has died at Inverary Castle at the age of seventy-seven and who was buried last week in the family burial-ground at Kilmun, was, like his grandfather, the eighth Duke (who was a great character among the Whig statesmen of the Victorian era), a strong personality who defended his beliefs with passionate intensity. He was a devoted Anglo-Catholic, and took the deepest interest in the administration of his great estate. From the outset of popular cycling the Duke was an enthusiast, and spent much time exploring the highways and byways of Normandy and Brittany. He abominated motor-cars, and never possessed one, and it is said that he disliked the invention of the telephone almost as much. In his younger days the Duke used to hunt in the Shires. He was also a good shot, but on the whole he cared more for literature and art than sport. A note on the Duke's celebrated letter to Sir Alfred Mond appears in "A London Newsletter."

THE FUNERAL CORTEGE PASSES ALONG THE WATERFRONT AT INVERARY : Led by pipers of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the cortege passed on its way to the quayside from All Saints' Episcopal Church, within the Castle grounds. The flag-draped coffin was borne on a farm-cart. Behind the pipers walked the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles

HEADED BY THE DUKE'S PERSONAL PIPER, THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSES ALONG THE QUAY AT INVERARY BEFORE THE COFFIN IS EMBARKED ON A MOTOR-LAUNCH : Among the pallbearers were members of the Clan Campbell, and beside the coffin walked the Rothesay Herald. In the background is the fleet of buses in which many of the mourners made the journey to the burial-ground at Kilmun

THE NEW DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ARGYLL : Walking through Inverary as they followed the cortege to the launch. The tenth Duke was unmarried. His successor is a grandson of Lord Walter Campbell, third son of the eighth Duke. He was born in Paris in 1903 and was educated at Oxford

TITO'S FIGHT FOR LIFE

Will He Be Forced Into the Mountains? By FERDINAND TUOHY

NEVER can a modern Government in the comity of nations have urged the elimination of a foreign chief of State in such an unconcealed manner as the Kremlin has done with respect to Marshal Tito. The emphasis is all on Yugoslavs themselves acting as executioners in course of a putsch large or small.

The bloodthirsty Pauker interprets the death sentence when, in her Foreign Ministry in Bucarest, she turns on her tongue "The Tito bandits will not do business much longer unpunished"—a black-cap note which is struck again and again in the other satellite capitals and topped by *Pravda's* semi-official "Tito and his Ministers must pay with their heads for their crimes."

Should Tito succeed in staying alive for the next six weeks, a possibility will be military intervention before the campaigning season terminates with early November days. This, it is thought, might take the form of guerrilla invasions from Bulgaria and Hungary and a strong Soviet armoured thrust to Belgrade and beyond so as to reduce the chance of Tito's holding out through the winter and thereby becoming a hero in a wider sense than he is to-day.

The breach between Stalin and Tito has dragged on for fifteen months during which the latter has, if anything, grown stronger. He has resisted economic sanctions by Russia and adjacent Cominform countries and intermittent propaganda assaults. The quarrel began when Tito insisted on partly industrialising his country rather than act solely as a source of raw materials. It has now reached the stage of constant invective and riposte, with the Marshal characterised openly as an enemy, a treacherous Trotskyist, a mercenary cur of the West's.

A juicy example was the Cominform journal's description of Tito as "a backward petty bourgeois, illiterate, ungifted and superficial, empty as a bubble, and as a soldier completely negligible"—in short, "an inflated bullfrog," "cunning as a cat and cowardly as a rabbit."

This must have sounded far-fetched even to Soviet zealots in Yugoslavia, when applied to a man who raised himself from Josip Broz, Croat cobbler, to be the victor in a civil war and a nationalist war waged simultaneously, and whose very nickname "Tito" derived from the sense of command he displayed in for ever ordering "You do this, and you that"; which in Serbo-Croat comes out roughly as "T-to."

Nor was there much rhyme or reason in calling Tito a Trotskyist, beyond that it is the blackest term in the Stalin vocabulary. Leon Trotsky split with Stalin because he wanted Russian Communism to lead a world revolution for which Stalin was not then ready. The Trotskyists celebrated the tenth anniversary of their Fourth International last year in Paris, and there was no sign of any Yugoslav around. Not surprising, seeing that Titoism is an expression of nationalism and a longing to be independent.

Here is its immense potential value to peace, since, unlike Russian Communism, it does not aspire to suppress non-Communist neighbours, but appears to be perfectly ready to live and let live.

Titoism could be the wonderful bridge. That's why it is a greater menace to Moscow imperialism and domination than any Trotskyism. Titoism is an insidious disorder from which no Communist is immune, and it may break out within the very citadel of power. In fact, it has done so lately in four "Iron Curtain" capitals: Warsaw, Sofia, Tirana and Budapest.

The contagion is at the bottom of the present Soviet blasting of Tito. Other reasons are: Tito will shortly get his first help from the West and could have ground for greater confidence next spring; the coming Austrian Treaty will deprive the Russians of their right to have troops in Hungary and Rumania; any further facilitating by Tito of the Greek Government's offensive could lead to Russia losing her hold on Albania with its outlet on the Adriatic.

So behold this man more direly threatened than any in the world to-day spending most of his time on the once-fashionable island of Brioni, off the Adriatic coast. To-day Brioni has been gone through with a sieve and mostly fisherfolk remain. Tito's sumptuous villa and the surrounding headquarters are watched by 2,000 trusties. This personal bodyguard, chiefly former officers and N.C.O.s, is equipped with the very latest weapons. It is the same sort of do-or-die company which saved Tito when the Germans came within an ace of capturing his G.H.Q. in 1944. Brioni has been fortified against sudden attack, but a surprise parachute incursion is still possible, and it could best be parried by a force like the 2,000 consecrated commando types.

Scarface Skorzeny's aeroplane rescue of Mussolini from a much more difficult mountainside obviously remains a constant preoccupation, the more so in that a Tito alive would suit Moscow better than a Tito dead. Alive, he might even be made to confess and abjectly crawl by employment of the customary methods—from the blinding light to the "shot" in the arm.

Gerhart Eisler's sister, Mrs. Fisher, says she knows that Italian Communists are being trained in Trieste to kill Tito, the suggestion being that they may try to land by boat or even "get" the Marshal while he is swimming, at which he spends a lot of his leisure during the summer heat. But Tito is going to be a slippery customer to get, knowing, as he does, and from the inside, all the dictator's stratagems and barriers designed to evade violent death or capture.

Not for nothing was Yugoslavia's astute leader five years at the very heart of affairs in Soviet Russia.

Tito has his chief of police, General Rankovitch, right next to him, and Rankovitch believes his O.Z.N.A., or Gestapo of many thousands, to be an incorruptible core of protection. On the increasingly rare occasions when the Marshal makes a public appearance outside Brioni, O.Z.N.A. men crowd about him in the same way that Hitler and Mussolini used to be hedged in.

There is no chance of Tito being caught off guard in the middle of the night, like Syria's Zaim. Yet there is a chance of his being the victim of a bomb attack similar to the one which failed against Hitler on July 20, 1944. That was carried out by officers, and one has only to learn that twenty Yugoslav officers, including a general and five colonels, have been led through the streets of Abbazia, former smart seaside resort, prior to execution for Cominform activities, to wonder if these activities were concerned in any way with the two recent attempts to murder Tito, which have been reported by British officials.

The police are carrying out purge after purge of the Yugoslav Communist Party, whose 470,000 members had been allowed to mingle too freely with 7,000,000 of the "People's Front," genuine non-ideological tribute to Tito. The Communist Party includes 90 per cent. of the officers of the Army and 70 per cent. of its N.C.O.s. Nevertheless the focus remains strongly upon the Army as the most likely seat of danger and assassination.

Precautions have even been taken against a possible air blitz on Brioni; also in relation to the possibility of an attempt with long-range rifle sight, as pioneered by the Italian General Capella, facing Mussolini across a wide piazza in Rome. Another risk is of poison. Tito is a great trencherman and loves to quaff the cup in company. His hospitality as a host even to Westerners has often been mentioned, and this love of lingering at table lays him more open to risk of poison than if his habit were to sit down hastily and nibble raw carrots and sip water.

The usual precaution of using tasters, presumably supplied by Rankovitch, is never relaxed lest a Borgia hand should be forged on Brioni. The Marshal rarely ventures anywhere else now, not to the summer palace at Bled nor to the White Palace in Belgrade, and when he does move to the mainland, follows the time-honoured practice of voyaging secretly and as if on the spur of the moment. Nothing is ever published in advance.

Whether Tito also employs a double to journey as a "blind," leading people off the scent, has not been shown. Long before fateful Serajevo, Serbs were skilful manipulators of explosives. Tito's car must career at great speed, chancing the road. He eschews the train and is not believed to favour the aeroplane, which can be sabotaged on the ground.

Oh, to be a dictator in Dalmatia now!

Tito's love-life has never been publicised. We know not of an Eva Braun or a Petacci. That angle has to be closely watched, too, by his corps of protectors. The Marshal is in fine physical shape, as always, Though small, his personality and appearance have frequently been mentioned as assets.

A less obvious way of increasing his chance of life is for Tito to dig out Fascists long forgotten and try them, in order to show that he is not rapidly becoming a Fascist, as Stalin avers. Two co-Regents of Prince Paul have just been tried after five years' detention.

Fascism is never far from Communism. To that extent Tito may well be "Fascisting" himself. But he is far from sidling up to the West, as the Fascists used to do. The Marshal says, in as many words, of the West, "I'll take their help but otherwise they can sheer off, the misguided crowd!"

This attitude may not rule out the possibility of the West also preparing to kidnap Tito, rather to rescue him as a trump-card against Moscow, which has shown how crucially it considers the Marshal by not hesitating to put back into action the mouldy Hitler technique from "my patience is exhausted" onwards.

The most likely happening, however, should Tito be pressed to the limit, is that he will escape to the mountains, *his* mountains, amid which so much of his country's stormy history has been writ.

BUDAPEST EN FÊTE: Students carrying portraits and banners marching round the arena during the festival organised by the World Federation of Democratic Youth and the International Union of Students. The festival was opened by the Hungarian President and has occupied a fortnight. There was a British delegation several hundred strong, and a Scottish contingent marched round the arena complete with kilts and pipes. Not all taking part were Communists

MARSHAL TITO RELAXES: The Yugoslav leader at a dinner given in Macedonia by officers and men of the Resistance Army whom he led in the hills during the Second World War. Marshal Tito now spends much of his time on the island of Brioni, where the most elaborate precautions are being taken to ensure his personal safety

WHEN LEADERS MEET

A PAGE OF PERSONALITIES FROM EUROPE, THE MIDDLE EAST AND THE UNITED STATES

MR. PAUL HOFFMAN MEETS PREMIER DE GASPERI: The head of the Economic Co-operation Administration, seen with Italy's Premier (right) when they met in Venice in the course of Mr. Hoffman's tour of the European cities, which took him to Rome, Venice, Athens, Paris, Brussels and London. In one interview in Paris Mr. Hoffman spoke of the "breathlessly short time" available if European countries are to become independent of extraordinary dollar aid. His emphasis in all the capitals has been on the need for dollar-earning rather than dollar-saving. Last week Mr. Attlee met Mr. Hoffman at a dinner given by the American Ambassador at the Embassy in Grosvenor Square

OLD CAMPAIGNERS MEET: Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Winston Churchill driving together from Nice Airport after the latter had arrived by plane from Strasbourg. Mr. Churchill has been spending a short holiday with Lord Beaverbrook at Cap d'Ail. Before leaving Strasbourg Britain's wartime leader made his first major speech before the Council of Europe, urging that the question of Germany's admission to the Assembly be considered at the turn of the year

PRESIDENT TRUMAN WELCOMES PRESIDENT QUIRINO OF THE PHILIPPINE REPUBLIC: The two statesmen are seen acknowledging popular greetings following Mr. Quirino's arrival at the National Airport, Washington, D.C. In a subsequent address to the Senate, President Quirino urged the formation of a Pacific Union to "halt the advance of Communism in Asia by non-military means." At a subsequent dinner in Washington, President Truman assured his distinguished visitor that he would not return to Manila "empty-handed"

HENRY WALLACE WITH AN OLD COLLEAGUE: The former Vice-President of the United States is seen (right) with Senator Connally, chairman of the powerful Senate Foreign Relations Committee, before going in front of the Committee, which was sitting in conjunction with the Armed Services Committee, to testify. Wallace was his usual outspoken self, attacking the whole policy of American military assistance to Europe. He denounced as "reprehensible" the statements made by President Truman, Secretary of State Dean Acheson and the military leaders in support of the programme, then said: "These are not the statements of men who seek peace"

THE STATE VISIT TO BRITAIN OF KING ABDULLAH OF THE JORDAN: *Left*—**The King with Brigadier Glubb Pasha, Commander of the Arab Legion, during the infantry manœuvres on Salisbury Plain.** *Right*—**The King with Mr. Ernest Bevin, who called upon him at his London hotel. Their meeting followed an important conference of British Ambassadors and Ministers from the Middle East, at which were discussed the new alignments in Syria following the assassination of Marshal Zaim**

A TYPHOON STRIKES SHANGHAI

Huge Areas of the City and Outskirts Submerged in Floods

Shanghai, now the world's fourth city, has suffered a major blow to her hard-pressed economy as a result of the recent typhoon. The Whangpoo River and the Soochow Creek floods resulted in all areas, except for high land, within six to ten miles of the city being under water, in some places as deep as 6 ft., in many places waist-high. As a result of the floods, 200,000 people from the countryside sought refuge in the waterlogged city, a few thousands of them being accommodated in the Great World Amusement Centre, others finding temporary shelter in schools and cinemas. Hardest hit of all were the small merchants and warehousemen of Shanghai, who have lost all their possessions. The roofs of more than two-thirds of the city's mat sheds and other flimsily-built structures were blown away, and falling masonry in the Chapei district caused fourteen of the twenty-nine recorded deaths. Five persons were electrocuted by falling high-tension wires and others died in fires caused by short-circuiting.

To the Communists engaged in administrating the newly-taken city the typhoon has come as a bitter blow,

SHANGHAI'S FLOODED RACECOURSE AS IT APPEARED ONE DAY AFTER THE CITY HAD BEEN STRUCK BY THE TYPHOON : There was a death-roll of twenty-nine in the typhoon, the worst storm in Shanghai since 1915, and 200,000 people were rendered homeless. In the foreground of this picture is the busy Nanking Road. An unusually high tide, reinforced by the wind, led to the overflowing of the Soochow Creek and the Whangpoo River, and stretches of the Bund were 3 ft. deep in water

WATER SURGES THROUGH THE NANKING ROAD, AND BILLBOARDS HIT BY THE TYPHOON HANG CRAZILY ABOVE THE STREET : The damage done in Shanghai's warehouses, where stocks of rice are often stored at ground-level, was considerable, while damage done in the rice-producing area round Shanghai is beyond doubt going to make that essential commodity both scarce and costly during the coming months, especially as supplies from abroad are cut off by the Nationalist blockade

DOWN TO ABOUT 20 PER CENT. OF CAPACITY: The long drought has so lowered the water-level in the Derwent Reservoir, which supplies Sheffield, Derby, Nottingham and Leicester with water, that parts of the valley submerged for many years are now high and dry. The serrated slope shown in the picture above has been under water since 1912. Old roads, submerged since the reservoir was constructed, have also come into view. There has been drought in the Derwent area during the past three summers. It has particularly affected Midland dairy farmers, who report that it has led to a serious decline in the milk yield

DROUGHT EMPTIES THE RESERVOIRS

IN BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES

Derwent and Kensico Reach "a New Low"

On left—**DESPITE THE EARLY AUGUST RAINS, NEW YORK'S UP-STATE RESERVOIRS ARE SERIOUSLY LOW:** An aerial view of the Kensico Reservoir, above White Plains, showing a large area of exposed foreshore as a result of the drought in June and July. Since the rains at the beginning of August another dry period has set in. In one week in this Croton watershed there was less than half an inch of rain

FROM THE ANDES TO THE HAGUE

A Survey of the Foreign News in Pictures

AFTERMATH IN THE ANDES—THE PEOPLE OF STRICKEN PELILEO, IN THE HEART OF THE EARTHQUAKE AREA OF CENTRAL ECUADOR, SEEK REFUGE IN THE HILLS: Le **Refugees building huts on the hillside above the town.** *Right*—**A group of native Indians praying at a roadside shrine.** The earthquake has been the worst in the history o Republic, the only comparable catastrophe having been in 1797, when five towns were destroyed and there was a death-roll of 5,900. In this 1949 'quake the city of Ambato (population 30,000) desolated, nearly 70 per cent. of the houses being rendered uninhabitable, and there was widespread destruction in Latacunga, Patate, Pelileo and other towns on the Quito-Guayaquil Railway. Ot the towns the 'quake wrecked countless farmhouses, while landslides wiped out roads and dammed streams. President Plaza Lasso declares that Ambato will be restored as a modern 'quake-proo

A RED-LETTER DAY IN SOUTH GERMANY: Cardinal von Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich, consecrating the first church built by refugees in Bavaria. It is at the settlement for displaced persons at Karlsfeld. The church was built mainly by refugees, and has been named St. Joseph's. The Cardinal in his address declared that Mary and Joseph were "the first refugees in Christendom"

THE CASE OF RABBI SOLOMON EICHENSTEIN: The Rabbi, seen in t picture at the West 47th Street Police Station, New York, and t thirty-one-year-old wife are charged with alleged swindles involv investments in Israel. Through these swindles, it is said, symp thisers with Israel have been fleeced of a total sum of 90,0 dollars. The Rabbi will be arraigned before the General Sess

COMMEMORATING THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE KOREAN REPUBLIC: This was the scene in front of the Parliament building at Seoul as President Rhee addressed the gathering in the presence of foreign representatives. South Korea was proclaimed a Republic in August 1948, following the elections held in May 1948, when 90 per cent. of the electorate voted for the National Assembly

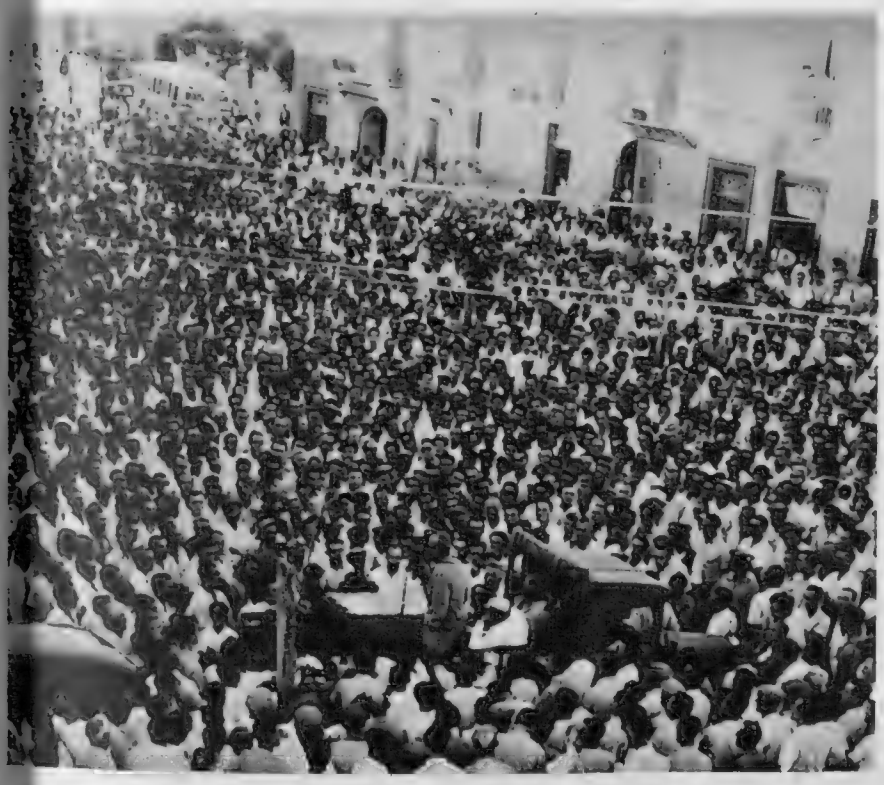
COMMEMORATING THE LIBERATION OF PARIS IN AUGUST 1944: Former members Resistance groups gathered in front of the Montparnasse Station, scene of t capitulation of Paris by the German garrison in 1944. On that occasion Gener Leclerc signed for France and General von Choltiz signed for the Germans. Th year the anniversary in Paris was overshadowed by the fires in South-West Franc which engaged the national attention as the death-roll mounted alarmin

TRIAL OF FIELD-MARSHAL VON MANSTEIN : The former German Chief of Staff at his trial before a British Military Court in Hamburg. Manstein is charged with committing seventeen war crimes during the Polish and Russian campaigns. The thirty-nine-page indictment covers 243 incidents. Manstein's British counsel are Mr. R. T. Paget, K.C., Socialist M.P. for Northampton, and Mr. S. C. Silkin, who started off by challenging the jurisdiction of the Court. A Manstein fund, started in Britain, will defray the costs of the Marshal's defence

WHERE THE SEVEN NAZI LEADERS SENTENCED AT NUREMBERG IN 1946 ARE SERVING THEIR TERMS : The Spandau prison, in the British sector of Berlin, which is maintained by the Berlin West Council and the four occupying Powers at a total annual cost of £47,000. Beyond the wall on the right is an electrified fence. A guard tower stands at the angle of the prison walls

THE HAGUE TALKS ON INDONESIA—THE OPENING OF THE ROUND-TABLE CONFERENCE : *Left*—**The great table at the Knights' Hall as the delegates started their deliberations.** *Right*—**Mr. Hatta, the Prime Minister of the Indonesian Republic, speaking for his motion that Dr. Drees, the Dutch Prime Minister, be appointed Conference Chairman**

After adopting rules of procedure and appointing a steering committee, and after addresses by Dr. Drees, the heads of the two Indonesian delegations and the Chairman of the United Nations Commission, the Indonesian Conference adjourned. Subsequent discussions have taken place in Committee with the general public and the Press barred. Dr. Drees, in his opening address, said that if the Indonesians approached the talks in the full faith that the speedy formation of a sovereign Indonesian State was as much part of the undisputed policy of the Netherlands as it was of that of the Indonesians, then the Netherlands would be confident that the Indonesians would seriously seek to forge a new tie between the Netherlands and Indonesia that would result in lasting and beneficial co-operation. Mr. Hatta said that whether it were recognised or not, the people of the Republic considered themselves a sovereign nation.



MALTA DOCK WORKERS HOLD A MASS MEETING OF PROTEST : The great throng which met at Pawla after the dismissal of 1,200 dockyard employees. The dismissals followed the Wages Arbitration Tribunal's award which gave the workers increases of 10s. to 12s. weekly. Dr. Boffa, Prime Minister of Malta, came to London in view of the widespread protests on the Island, and at the same time appealed to the islanders to keep calm while the negotiations were going on

AN INCREASE IN BUS FARES WAS THE OSTENSIBLE REASON FOR TWO DAYS OF RIOTING IN THE STREETS OF SANTIAGO : Students are seen fleeing from the path of a police baton charge after they had been stopped in their endeavours to overturn buses. So serious did the situation become that a modified degree of martial law was enforced in the capital. At least three prominent members of the Communist Party were among the 200 Communists arrested in connection with the rioting. To meet the crisis, President Gonzalez Videla brought three regiments to the capital from Valparaiso and Vina del Mar

BRITAIN'S FIRST JET BOMBER — THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC COMPANY'S CANBERRA I, WHICH WILL BE ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING EXHIBITS AT NEXT WEEK'S FLYING D GIVEN AT FARNBOROUGH BY THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTORS: So far the trials of this mid-wing monoplane have gone as smoothly as those Comet, and visitors to the Farnborough show will no doubt have reason to admire its graceful fuselage lines and the striking and robust appearance of its thick-set wings. The Canberra has been designed for operation at much higher altitudes than the conventional piston-engined bombers now used by the R.A.F., as well as for much nearer the velocity of sound. It is driven by two Rolls-Royce Avon axial-flow jet turbines. The structural design and aerodynamic shape have been evolved for the attainment o Mach numbers, and tests have confirmed the low drag values. It will be noted that the intersections between the mainplanes and the cowlings have been achieved without the use o

THE NEW VARSITY OF THE AIR FLIES ABOVE THE SOLENT: The biggest "flying schoolroom" yet constructed for the Royal Air Force is the Vickers Varsity, which will make its first public appearance at the S.B.A.C. Display at Farnborough. For the first time in a single aircraft provision is made for training in air navigation, bomb-aiming, piloting and radio-radar signals. The flight deck can accommodate the pilots, navigator and radio operator. An underslung nacelle between the flight deck and the spar contains the prone positions for the bomb-aimer and his pupil. The Varsity trainer is fitted with Bristol Hercules engines

SHOWING THE WORL THE GAS TURBIN

Some of the Key Exhibits in British Military and Civil Aircraft Which Will be Seen at Next Week's Farnborough Display

HAWKER'S P 1052—ONE OF BRITAIN'S POWERFUL SWEPT-BACK FIGHTERS: In May last this new jet, piloted by Mr. S. Wade, chief test pilot for the Hawker Aircraft Co flew from London Airport to Villacoublay Airport, Pa 21 mins. 27⅘ secs. The machine thus achieved the fastest flight between the two capitals. The P 1052, powered by a singl turbo-jet, recorded on this 221-mile flight an average speed of 61

THE MAMBA MARATHON WILL BE ANOTHER IMPORTANT NEWCOMER AT THE FARNBOROUGH DISPLAY: This feeder air-liner, now in course of development by the new company, Handley-Page (Reading) Ltd., is intended for use on secondary routes. The first prototype was equipped with Gypsy Queen engines of 345 h.p. each, but this version with turbo-props has more than 640 h.p., and it is expected to prove a first-class freighter. It will be able to carry a pay-load of 5,470 lb. a distance of 500 miles as compared with the pay-load of 4,000 lb. for 500 miles with reciprocating engines

COASTAL COMMAND'S NEW LONG-RANGE RECONNAISSANCE BOMBER: The Avro Shack is equipped to carry an exceptionally heavy load of anti-submarine weap It is designed specifically, however, for reconnaissance duties, including shad and striking at underwater and surface vessels. The design owes much to the cessful features and methods which were adopted for large-scale production of the Lancaster and Lincoln heavy bombers. Powered by four Rolls-Royce Griffon engine Avro Shackleton will be the most powerful piston-engined aircraft in the Royal Air

MAKING ITS SECOND APPEARANCE AT FARNBOROUGH—THE VICKERS VISCOUNT, AN ADVANCED DESIGN OF MEDIUM-SIZED CIVIL TRANSPORT CONCEIVED AS THE SUCCESSOR TO THE VIKING: The Viscount is powered by four Rolls-Royce Dart propeller turbine units and provision in the type is also made for fitting Napier Naiad or Armstrong-Siddeley Mamba power units. The standard version is arranged as a forty-seater, the cabin being divided into two saloons, the forward seating sixteen passengers and the aft saloon twenty-four passengers. A pantry is situated in between the two saloons. An alternative version is available as a fifty-three-seater, and in this the central pantry has been dispensed with. A second prototype is being built. This is to be powered by two Rolls-Royce Tay jet engines. It is for the Ministry of Supply, who will use the machine solely for research

Great Britain is committed to a heavy programme of jet and turbo-prop air-liner and jet-bomber construction, and accumulating evidence suggests that she was right to put her faith in the gas turbine. Both in its jet and its turbo-prop form this smooth-running engine confers benefits which are beyond the capacity of the piston engine, and the prospects are that 1949 will go down in aeronautical history as the year that brought an end to the dark period through which the British aircraft industry passed as the result of the diversion of all its resources during the war to the making of war planes.

At next week's Farnborough display, to which aviation experts are coming from all parts of the world, twenty-four of the fifty-nine aeroplanes scheduled to take part will have gas-turbine engines of one kind or another. In 1946, when the first post-war display was held, gas-turbine-engined aeroplanes numbered only five, and all were powered by turbo-jets. This year there are to be sixteen with turbo-jets and eight with turbo-prop engines.

No doubt chief interest at the display will centre on the first British jet bomber, the Canberra, the Comet four-jet air-liner, and the four turbo-prop-engined air-liners, the Apollo, the Hermes V, the Mamba Marathon and the Viscount. These air-liners together can give Britain the lead in civil flying.

Seven of the leading British aero-engine manufacturers will show sixteen different engines on their stands in the static section of the display, among them the de Havilland Ghost and the Rolls-Royce Nene turbo-jets, both approximately in the same class. The turbo-props on view will be the Armstrong-Siddeley Mamba, the Double Mamba and the Python, the Bristol Proteus, the Napier Naiad and the Rolls-Royce Dart. Of these particular interest attaches to the Proteus, which will power the second version of the big Brabazon I. air-liner.

THE WORLD'S FIRST ALL-JET AIR-LINER—THE DE HAVILLAND COMET, WHICH HAS WON GOLDEN OPINIONS IN ITS PRELIMINARY TRIALS AND IS ALREADY BRINGING NEW PRESTIGE TO THE BRITISH AIRCRAFT INDUSTRY: In eight working days, after the de Havilland Comet first flew in conditions of great secrecy, the new all-jet passenger liner made fourteen flights and logged fifteen hours. John Cunningham, de Havilland's chief test pilot, carried out all kinds of trials, including stalling tests with the air brakes both on and off, and in all conditions the Comet showed herself to advantage. On one trip the thirty-six-passenger air-liner flew at a speed of more than 400 m.p.h. and there was plenty of reserve power in its four Ghost engines, which are expected to give a normal cruising speed of nearly 500 m.p.h. at 40,000 ft. Fifteen more Comets are already under construction at the de Havilland factory at Hatfield for the express services in the Empire

THE LARGEST VESSEL TO BE COMPLETED IN 1949 IN HER FITTING-OUT BASIN AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS: The P. & O. liner "Himalaya," of 28,000 tons, which will leave Tilbury on October 6 on her maiden voyage to Australia via India and Ceylon. Just behind the "Himalaya" in the fitting-out basin is the P. & O. liner "Chusan," of 24,000 tons, the largest passenger liner launched during 1949. The "Chusan," which should be fitted out in time for service next summer, will enter the Far Eastern service of the P. & O. The "Himalaya" has taken three years and six months to complete, and has cost in the neighbourhood of £7,000,000. This compares with the eighteen months taken from keel-laying to delivery of the "Stratheden," one of the pre-war vessels of the P. & O. fleet

THE "HIMALAYA" IS READY FOR THE SEA

The S.S. *Himalaya* is to be a speedy ship, and if she averages 23 knots she should reduce the time taken for the passage from the United Kingdom to Bombay from twenty to fifteen days, and to Melbourne from thirty-eight to twenty-eight days. The shorter working week in the shipyards, controls and the scarcity of materials, have contributed to the delay in completing the liner, and the same may be said of the *Chusan*, now fitting-out at Barrow. The *Himalaya* will have accommodation for 779 first- and 393 tourist-class passengers, and she will be able to carry 263,000 cubic feet of refrigerated cargo. "Setting up house" in the *Himalaya* has been no easy task for the purser's department, which, among other things, is having to find 5,500 blankets, 13,000 pillow-slips, 4,000 teacups, 3,700 coffee cups, and the truly formidable number of 15,000 tumblers, not to mention 3,200 assorted wine-glasses, 3,000 sherry glasses and 8,000 spoons of different sizes.

NEON LIGHTING ON THE HIGH SEAS: The name "Himalaya," which will shine out across the waters from the boat-deck of the new passenger liner. The single raked funnel set well back is one of the outstanding features of the new liner's appearance. The general proportions of the ship are yacht-like

A STATELY PREDECESSOR OF THE "HIMALAYA" AS THE AGE OF SAIL BEGAN TO GIVE PLACE TO THE AGE OF STEAM: The first "Himalaya," then the largest ship in the world, as she appeared in 1853. This was a year after the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, which was incorporated under its present title in 1840, had added the Australian mail contract to the existing contracts for Egypt, India and the Far East. *Himalaya I* ended her long career in 1940 at Portland when German bombs rained down

THE SECOND "HIMALAYA," A PRODUCT OF 1892: By the '90's the P. & O. was firmly established, and the rough-and-ready conditions of earlier years had given place to luxury furnishings

THE MAIN HARBOUR OF THE WESTMAN ISLES, SIX MILES OFF THE SOUTH COAST OF ICELAND, NESTLES BENEATH THE PROTECTION OF THE HEIMAKLETTUR (THE HOME ROCK): In the harbour is a modern fishing fleet which reaps a rich harvest among the fishing-grounds south of Iceland, and on land are quick-freezing plants which ensure that the catch is kept in condition en route to the European markets. The town is the third largest in the Icelandic Republic, having a population of 5,000, whereas at the turn of the century the inhabitants numbered only 500. The Home Rock towers to a height of 850 ft.

THE PUFFIN-CATCHERS: A group of islanders returning with a full bag and holding aloft the paraphernalia they use for their work. For a long time bird-catching and egg-collecting were the principal pursuits in the Westman Isles, but of recent years they have been superseded by the fishing industry, which has been established on the most modern lines, powerful motor vessels comprising the fleet which operates from the Home Isle. Egg-collecting remains a popular sport, however, particularly among the young people

THE THRIVING WESTMAN ISLES

The Remote Island Group off the Coast of Iceland, Centre of a Modern Fishing Industry

The Westman Isles are a group of small islands lying about six miles off the south coast of Iceland, directly south of Mount Hekla. Geologically they are the remnants of a ridge, reaching from Scotland to Greenland, of which all has been submerged except the Faroes, the Orkney and Shetland Islands and Iceland.

There are altogether fourteen of the islands, besides numerous skerries and rocks. They consist of basaltic rock and tufa of volcanic origin. Only one of the islands is inhabited—the Heimaey (Home Isle), between six and seven square miles in extent. The little town that has been formed there around the fisheries enjoys a good harbour, sheltered on one side by the island and on the other side by an enormous rock, called Heimaklettur (The Home Rock), the highest point on the islands reaching to 850 ft. The highest point on the Home Isle is the extinct volcano, Helgafell (Holy Fell), reaching to 680 ft. About 600 acres of Home Isle have been cultivated. On the other islands there are good pastures, and the islanders raise a fine stock of sheep and cattle.

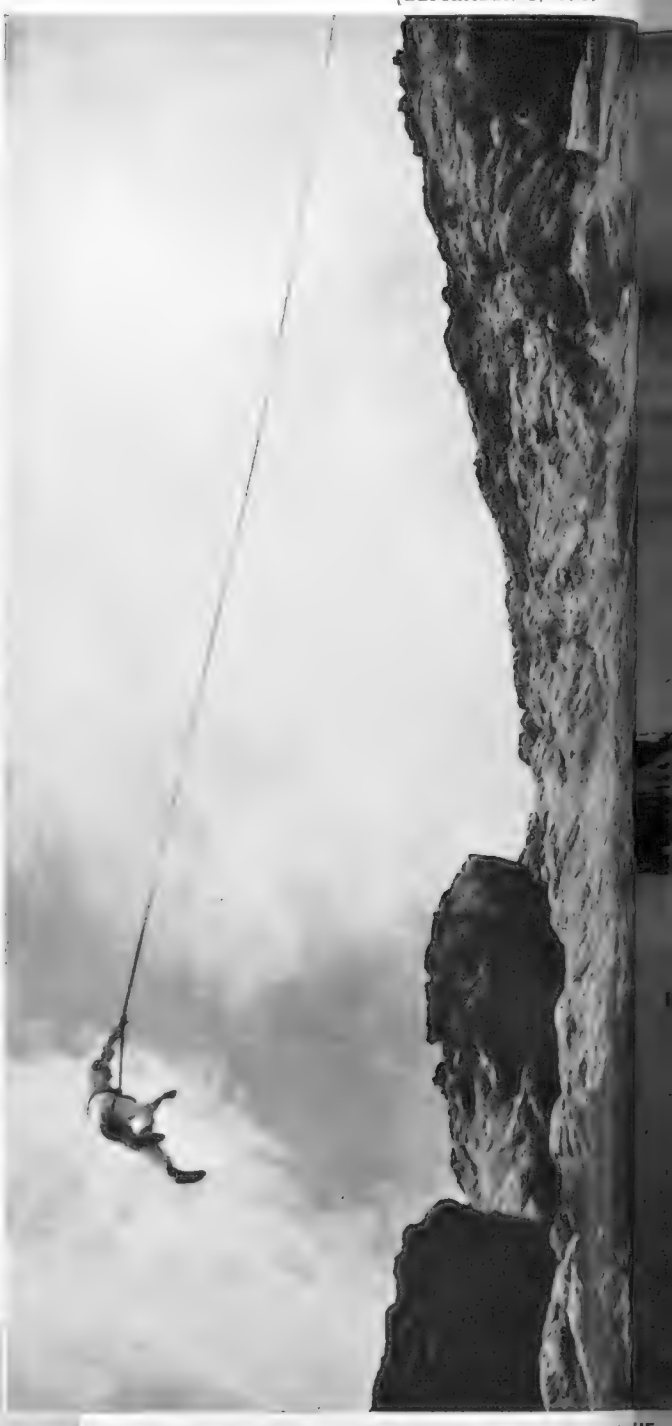
The main occupation of the Westman Isles is centred upon the fisheries, and these have increased rapidly since the construction of the harbour installations was begun in 1914. For a long time the fish was

(Continued on following page)

THE THRIVING WESTMAN ISLES

(*Continued from previous page*)

A NORTHERN HAUNT OF THE PUFFINS: These birds, with their brilliant adze-shaped beaks and black-and-white plumage, nest in their thousands in crannies in the rocks of the Westman Isles. In winter the decorations on the bill disappear and most of the birds migrate to Mediterranean waters. The Westman Islanders catch the puffins when in flight with the aid of nets, usually using decoys for the purpose. An accomplished fowler may catch as many as 1,000 birds in one day



THE GENTLE ART OF CLIFF-SWINGING: A young isl[ander] suspended from a rope as he goes down the side of a [cliff] collecting birds' eggs, usually the eggs of the auk and [the] guillemot. This is a task only for the most agile and ha[rdy] of young men, but surprisingly enough, accidents are [rare]

THE PUFFIN MAN: With his net attached to a long pole [and] decoy puffins to help him, he finds the birds easy g[ame]

THE HARVEST OF THE ROCKS: Young islanders of the Westman group with their ropes and a basket full of auk and guillemot eggs collected during their hazardous cliff descents. In the background is one of the uninhabited islands of the Westman group, and in the far distance can be seen the south coast of Iceland

(*Continued from previous page*)

salted and dried, but now quick-freezing plants are in general [use] and the salting of fish has been reduced to insignificant proportions. The town of Vestmannaeyjar was granted town rights in 1918, and has a town council of nine members and a mayor. Police and judicial administration is in the hands of a sheriff, appointed by the Government. An electric power plant, modern primary and secondary schools, a hospital and a swimming-pool are run by the town council as well as the harbour installations. The town, with over 5,[000] inhabitants, is the third largest in Iceland.

For a long time bird-catching and egg-collecting played an important part in the economic life of the islanders, but nowadays it is for the most part done for sport. The birds are caught at different periods of the summer: the puffin in July and August, the fulmar at the end of August. At the end of May or the beginning of June the young Westman Islanders go on the ex[pedition]

HE BUSY CAPITAL OF THE WESTMAN ISLANDS SEEN FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE HOME ROCK: This view looks down on the busy harbour with its quays, quick-freezing plants and fishmeal factories. In the background is the Holy Fell, an extinct volcano which rises to 680 ft. Less than fifty miles away on the Icelandic mainland is Hekla, which was in violent eruption only a few years ago

PAIR OF GANNETS WITH THEIR YOUNG: As in Great Britain, steps are being taken in the Westman Isles to preserve these fine birds from extinction. Dr. Julian Huxley, who paid a recent visit to Iceland, has assessed the number of gannets in Icelandic waters at 10,000

nd dangerous adventure of collecting the eggs of the auk and the guillemot. The young en are let down the steep sides of the cliffs on a rope, and they swing forwards and ackwards in order to reach the nests. It goes without saying that this is a job for only ne most agile and hardy of young men.

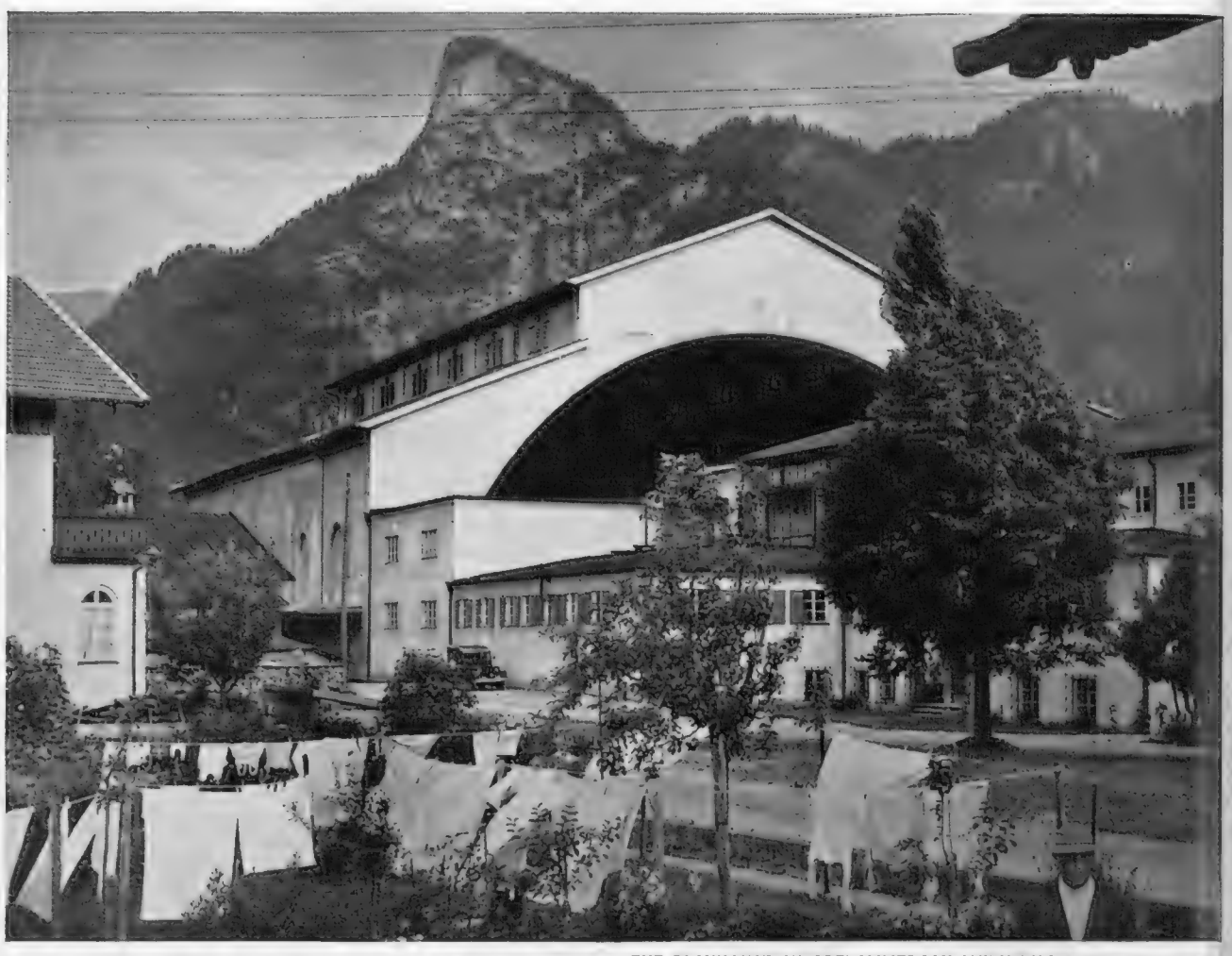
The islands have been the scene of many stirring events. In the early fifteenth entury English fishermen caused a great deal of trouble and, in spite of the fact that rong forces were sent out to drive them away, they virtually held the islands as a ritish possession for some time. But the most tragic event in the history of the lands was the so-called Turkish Raid, carried out in July 1027 by Saracen pirates, ho killed about forty persons and took 242 prisoners, who were later sold in the ave markets of Algiers. Only a handful of these prisoners could be ransomed ten ears later. The number of killed and prisoners amounted to almost 80 per cent. f the population of the islands at that time. As late as the beginning of the present entury the Westman Islanders numbered only 500. But their numbers began to ise steeply with the introduction of modern methods in fishing and fish-curing.

GANNETS ON THE ROCKS OF THE WESTMAN ISLES: All gannetries in Europe are now more or less protected, and every effort has been made to preserve the bird from extinction. This year a ten-year census is being compiled, and it is probable that it will reveal an increase in the number of breeding birds. In a recent article in "The Sphere," Mr. R. M. Lockley described new gannetries which have come into being in the English Channel

The PASSION PLAY in the HOLY YEAR

Oberammergau Prepares for Next Year's Performance

The little Bavarian village of Oberammergau, in the Ammer Valley, is again making preparations to perform the Passion Play which has been held there since 1634 in fulfilment of a vow made by the villagers who survived the plague of that year. There have been only four plays since 1910. The 1914 revival was held up because of World War I, which was still going on in the summer of 1918. In the following four-year performances of 1922-26-30-34, the Passion Play became increasingly a pilgrimage for tourists but, by 1938, Hitler was too deeply engaged with Austria and the Sudetenland to tolerate any such diversion. After the war, it seemed possible that public opinion might turn against the village, for it was found that most of the cast and many more of the villagers had been open supporters of the Führer. Alois Lang, who had enacted the part of Christ, was involved and, oddly, Hans Zwink, who played Judas, was one of the few who stood out against Nazism. But memory is short and the American Military Government in Bavaria has voted 1,000,000 marks to assist the preparations for next year's production, which happily falls in the Holy Year.



THE PLAYHOUSE AT OBERAMMERGAU WITH THE KOFEL MOUNTAIN IN THE BACKGROUND : The Passion Play is to be re-enacted next year after a lapse of sixteen years. The present open-air theatre site was secured in 1830 and has seating accommodation for 5,000 spectators under cover

RENOVATING THE VILLAGE FOR NEXT YEAR'S PASSION PLAY : Craftsmen restore eighteenth-century paintings on the façade of a house in the village. Much restoration work is being carried out, including a new water supply which is being laid on at a cost of nearly £20,000

THE MUSICAL DIRECTOR FOR THE PASSION PLAY : Professor Pabst of Oberammergau, director of music and of the choir, is seen checking over the score for next year's performance

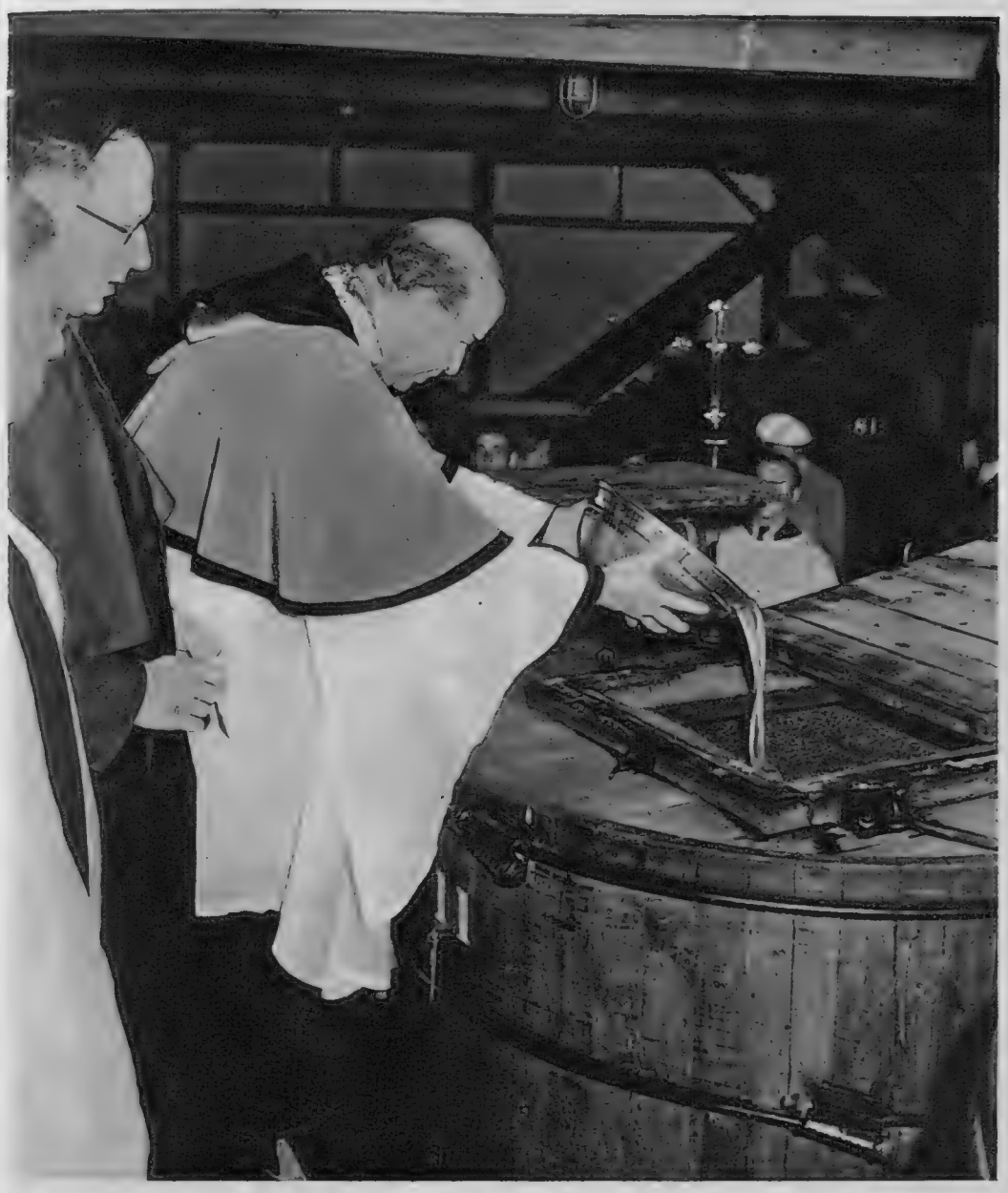
PREPARATIONS BEGIN FOR THE REVIVAL OF THE PASSION PLAY IN 1950 : *Left*—Seventy-four-year-old Ludwig Wolf, once a member of the cast, prepares the crucifix from the wall of the playhouse for regilding. *Right*—Village needlewomen repair the traditional costumes for the play, old dresses are being refurbished and many new ones must be made. Readings of the Passion Play have already been held in Oberammergau Town Hall to enable the committee to select the new cast, although final casting will not be made before October. Most of the pre-war players underwent de-Nazification trials after the war. In all, 300 of the village population were open supporters of Hitler. The American Military Government in Bavaria has made a loan of 1,000,000 D-marks to Oberammergau to assist the preparations

BLESSING THE MEAD AT CULVAL

The Revival of an Ancient Ceremony on St. Bartholomew's Day

Honey produces a white wine in rivalry to that of the grape. It is the mead of our ancestors, possessing both body and bouquet, and such rich-sounding names as Pyment, Melomel, Sack Metheglin and Hippocras. Now, after a lapse of centuries, these beverages are again being made in England, at the Mead House, Culval, Cornwall, and last week, on St. Bartholomew's Day, there took place the ancient ceremony of blessing the mead. The ceremony is depicted on this page.

In England mead became steadily more rare as the centuries progressed. The shrinkage in honey production inevitably raised the price of mead, and it could not hold its own in price against the Gascon, Auxerre and Moselle wines which in the thirteenth century were coming in at a rate between ¾d. and 3½d. a gallon. Mead, at over 10d. a gallon, thus ceased to be the daily drink of all except the wealthy or those who kept their own apiaries. With the Reformation mead was all but banished from our tables; for half the profit in beekeeping went when wax ceased to be the means of paying feudal dues and tithes. Honey, too, was faced with a rival, a cheap substitute in the form of sugar, which was beginning to flood the market. History has indeed been unkind to mead, but it may be that it has now turned full circle, and before very long the British-made Sacks and Metheglins will be as widely known as Mr. Strachey's rare old Algerian. The sweeter kinds of Sack Mead are said to be not unlike Imperial Tokay, while Sack Metheglin is in some ways allied to the Vermouth family



CANON C. H. S. BUCKLEY, VICAR OF CULVAL, POURING MEAD FROM THE LOVING CUP, IN WHICH IT WAS BLESSED, INTO THE MEAD VATS: This year's formal ceremony, which started in Culval Parish Church and, as shown here, was concluded in the cloisters of the Mead Hall at Culval, marks the reintroduction of mead-making on a commercial basis in Cornwall. The ceremony of blessing the mead took place on St. Bartholomew's Day. St. Bartholomew is known as the patron saint of the mead-makers

THE MEAD HOUSE AT CULVAL, NEAR PENZANCE: Here are produced the rich white wines of the honey crop, which it is hoped will now regain their pristine popularity

POURING THE MEAD FROM THE MAZER INTO THE ST. IVES LOVING CUP: Canon Buckley, Vicar of Culval, engaged in the blessing ceremony in the cloisters of the Mead Hall at Culval. The Freemen of the Worshipful Company of Mead-makers had previously walked in procession from the parish church to the Mead Hall, with Canon Buckley and other clergy

WHERE THE VISITOR CAN SAMPLE MEADS AND METHEGLINS, PYMENT AND HIPPOCRAS: Mr. V. Johns, in the costume of a Mediæval servitor, laying a table for visitors at the Mead Hall. Mr. Johns is a member of the Worshipful Company of Mead-makers

IN THE BEE GARDEN AT CULVAL: Mr. A. C. Cutter, the head bee-keeper, and his assistant transferring bees into new hives. Mr. Cutter looks after twelve apiaries, and these supply the raw material for the meads made at Culval

DUNSTER CASTLE AND THE MEDIÆVAL VILLAGE WHICH NESTLES BENEATH ITS WALLS: An aerial view of the castle, which together with 8,600 acres of the estate extending from Exmoor to the Bristol Channel, has been sold by Mr. Geoffrey Luttrell for a sum in the neighbourhood of £500,000. Mr. Luttrell will continue as a tenant for five years, and will then move to East Quantoxhead. The castle has been in his family for six centuries

DUNSTER CASTLE IS SOLD

The Ancestral Home of the Luttrells Changes Hands

Dunster Castle was a legacy of the Norman Conquest. It was built by William de Mohun, and under his successor it became a veritable thorn in the side of King Stephen. Lady Joan de Mohun sold it to the Luttrells in 1376, and ever since that time it has been uninterruptedly in the Luttrell family. In the Civil War Dunster Castle was alternately held for Parliament and King, and in 1646 it was regarded as King Charles's last hope in Somerset. Its resistance was stout, and for 160 days Colonel Wyndham baffled the assaults of no less an adversary than Blake. Only the total failure of the Royal cause forced him to surrender. Mr. Geoffrey Luttrell, the vendor in the recent deal with a Pall Mall property company, declares that he has been forced to sell Dunster Castle because of crippling taxation.

DUNSTER HIGH STREET, A FAMILIAR VIEW TO THE VISITOR TO THE WEST COUNTRY: The castle stands on the wooded slopes above the little town. In the centre of the High Street is the Yarn Market, which bears the date 1647, when it was repaired by the grandson of its builder, George Luttrell. The Luttrell Arms Hotel on the left has a Mediæval porch with openings for crossbows. Dunster was once a noted emporium for cloth, and "Dunsters" were quoted at reputable prices by every chap

DUNSTER CASTLE IN ITS FINELY-WOODED SETTING: The main body of the building belongs to the early Renaissance, and although there have been subsequent alterations, they have not detracted from the picturesque appearance of the castle

THE GREAT STAIRCASE: The richly carved oak banisters belong to the late Renaissance period. The castle contains many art treasures, including paintings by Van Dyck, Opie and Reynolds. When Mr. Luttrell moves to the Court House, East Quantoxhead, the Dunster treasures will probably be moved there

THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY GATEWAY LEADING FROM THE VILLAGE TO DUNSTER CASTLE: This gateway was built by Sir Henry Luttrell and stands at the summit of the hill just beyond Dunster's picturesque High Street. Under the National Gardens Scheme the grounds of Dunster are open on certain days, and from them can be obtained magnificent views of the Bristol Channel and the Welsh shore

MR. WILSON MEETS THE MANUFACTURERS AND THE RETAILERS: The President of the Board of Trade faced severe criticism of his proposal to cut prices of utility clothing and household textiles. A retailers' protest meeting was held last month, when the cuts were first announced, and it was stated then that many small shopkeepers would be driven out of business. As a result, Mr. Wilson held his conference at the Board of Trade. Following it, a statement was issued in which the President of the Board of Trade said that he would bear in mind the representations that had been made in deciding how the reduction should be apportioned between manufacturers and distributors. He proposed to make the necessary Order in the next few days

AN EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD SCHOOLBOY SWIMS THE CHANNEL: Philip Mickman comes ashore at Kingsdown, 23 hours 48 mins. after entering the water at Cap Gris Nez. The Yorkshire schoolboy had put up a tremendous fight, at one time being carried 14 miles up-Channel. At 10 p.m., seventeen hours after leaving Cap Gris Nez, he was caught by a 6-knot spring tide and his trainer, Ted Temme, the ex-Channel swimmer, advised him to abandon the attempt, but he battled on for another seven hours. Mickman's swim is the longest successful Channel attempt from France; the next in time being the Egyptian Helmy, who took eight minutes less in 1928

THREE IN A PHOTO-FINISH: Better Catch, Welcome Light and River Patrol fight out the finish of the August Handicap at Alexandra Park. *On right*—**The photograph which showed Better Catch a head in front of Welcome Light, with River Patrol a short head away. There were only three runners in the mile and five furlongs race, but they were so close at the winning-post that the judge called for a photograph. Better Catch was carrying a penalty for a previous success at Folkestone**

HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY BRINGS HOME THE WHEEL OF JOS[illegible] CONRAD'S FIRST COMMAND, THE WINDJAMMER "OTAG[illegible] The celebrated American author with Captain James Q[illegible] of the "Media," on which they crossed the Atla[illegible] Christopher Morley, an authority on Conrad, is presenting the ste[illegible] wheel of the *Otago* to the *Wellington*, the headquarters ship of the M[illegible] Mariners' Company on the Thames Embankment, to commem[illegible] the twenty-fifth anniversary of Conrad's death at Bishopsbourne, in K[illegible] It was thought that all trace of the *Otago* had been lost, but Morley [illegible] across the hull, three years ago, in a Tasmanian shipyard. The [illegible] spoke-handle caps are missing, but otherwise the wheel is in good cond[illegible]

THREE MALE SUFFRAGETTES SEE "ANN VERONICA": Lord Pet[illegible] Lawrence, Mr. Bayard Simmonds and the Rev. F. Hank[illegible] with Wendy Hiller after seeing her 100th performance [illegible] Ann Veronica at the Piccadilly Theatre. A party of [illegible] suffragettes, including Mrs. Pankhurst's sister, Mrs. [illegible] attended the play, which is based on H. G. Wells's [illegible]

THE BARROW DE LUXE: Robert Steward is the most up-to-date barrow-boy in England. His latest model stainless steel barrow has pneumatic tyres, framework for a canopy and a covered display case. He does a good trade at his pitch in Knightsbridge

THE BOOKING-OFFICE DE LUXE: British Railways are trying out this mobile booking-office, which is to tour the South Coast, selling tickets and supplying information. Marylebone Station had a preview of British Railways' latest scheme to assist the traveller—a mobile booking-office, complete with tickets, time-tables and travel pamphlets, which is to tour South Coast resorts from Kent to Devon. The trailer-office, hauled by a tractor, has living accommodation in the form of sleeping, cooking and washing facilities, should the staff spend a night aboard. The work of the office will be to sell tickets for cheap day, half-day and evening excursions from the local stations, and to give information

N R.A.F. PERCIVAL PRENTICE CRASHES INTO A GREENHOUSE: The accident occurred at Broxbourne Aerodrome during a fog. The three occupants escaped uninjured. Flight-Lieutenant Bareham, pilot, L.A.C. W. F. Bond and A.C. L. C. Whiston were flying back to Feltwell R.A.F. station in Norfolk, after week-end leave, when their plane crashed on the aerodrome boundary when taking off. "We got off the ground," said one of the occupants, "but suddenly seemed to sink back. There was a shattering of glass and we crashed into the greenhouses. We climbed out before rescuers arrived"

PROTECTING THE MEMORIAL TO SIR W. S. GILBERT: The Westminster County Council opposes the erection of an advertisement sign above the plaque. Opposition to the proposed erection of an advertisement sign above the memorial to Sir W. S. Gilbert, on the Victoria Embankment, has resulted in attempts to find an alternative site. The plan was to place a large display board on the top of the granite wall on which the plaque is fixed. A committee of Westminster City Council refused its approval on the ground that the sign would adversely affect amenities. An appeal against the decision was made by the company which operates the Thames water-bus services, who wished to erect the sign. Arrangements have been made by the Minister of Town and Country Planning for a local inquiry to be held by a Ministry inspector

MODEL AEROPLANE IN A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY CHURCH: The model Mosquito in the R.A.F. Memorial Chapel in Cottesmore Parish Church. A fully-detailed scale model of a Mosquito aircraft hangs in the Royal Air Force Memorial Chapel, which is to be dedicated this month in the fourteenth-century Parish Church of Cottesmore, Rutland. The church is less than a mile from Cottesmore R.A.F. station, from which British and American warplanes operated during World War II. Over two hundred Cottesmore-based men lost their lives during the war. The idea for the chapel, which commemorates both British and American airmen, came from the sister of a young architect who was killed in service from Cottesmore. Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, under whom the young man studied, drew up the plans for the chapel, the cost of which has been subscribed by relatives and friends of the airmen all over the world

A LONDON CHURCH GUTTED: A picture taken at midnight while the Balham Baptist Church was burning fiercely. Ten fire appliances of the London Fire Brigade were brought up, but were unable to save the church. The fire was first noticed about 11 p.m. Flames shot up to 50 ft. and, half-an-hour later, the roof collapsed. A crowd collected and extra police were brought up to control it. The church hall also suffered damage, and families living nearby were evacuated until the blaze was under control. The cause of the fire is being investigated by C.I.D. officers

FINLAND in the STRIKERS' GRIP

Her Ports Paralysed by Communist Action

The Prime Minister of Finland, Mr. Fagerholm, has described the current strike-wave in his country as "the greatest and best-planned attack against the community in Finnish history." He declared last week that the strikes would fail, but his words were hardly borne out, because it is already known that they have created a hopeless split within the ranks of the Finnish trade unions, and from now on the organised labour movement of the country will be in the hands of two rival organisations, one Social Democratic and one Communist. The strikes affected all the major ports in Finland, and the most alarming news came from Kemi, in the far north, where the wood-pulp workers were engaged in active battles with the police. One striker in Kemi was killed, and there were many injured. The cellulose workers at Kemi halted their strike in the face of wage concessions, but on the whole the Communists have pursued their disruptive way unchecked.

A MASS MEETING IN THE HAKANIEMI SQUARE : The Communists organised this gathering in the centre of Helsinki to maintain the morale of the strikers. The strike was led by the dockers, food industry workers and builders, with many other industries following suit. All Finland's major ports were idle

A BATTLE BETWEEN POLICE AND TIMBER WORKERS IN THE NORTHERN PORT OF KEMI : The police on the left are advancing with tommy-guns. In the background is a cloud of tear-gas, which was not wholly successful in dispersing the mob, who used stones and firearms. The Communists in Kemi, aided by the Russian wireless, accuse the police in Kemi of using terroristic methods. The police say the Communists attacked first, and that they themselves opened fire only in self-defence

LEADING THE FINNISH GOVERNMENT'S ANTI-COMMUNIST CAMPAIGN : Mr. Emil Hounonen, Minister of Works in the Finnish Cabinet, is also the President of the Federation of Trade Unions. He now finds his trade-union organisation split asunder, the Federation having had to expel from its ranks four striking unions, with a total of 60,000 members

THE AGED MARSHAL MANNERHEIM RETURNS FROM A HOLIDAY ABROAD TO FIND HIS COUNTRY IN THE MIDST OF CONFLICT : The Marshal is seen (on right) being welcomed at Helsinki by the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Enckell (left), and the Swiss Ambassador to Finland (centre). Field-Marshal Mannerheim resigned, in March 1946, his Presidency of the Finnish Republic and he now lives in retirement

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF KEMI : Finnish police cordoning off a meeting of the strikers prior to the clash depicted above on left, when the police resorted to tear-gas and later used firearms. It was after this that a temporary ban on public meetings was instituted at Kemi, but four days later the ban was lifted by Government order. Kemi is a wood-pulp manufacturing town at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia

A GREEK ARMY MULE-TRAIN RAISES DUST-CLOUDS AS IT COMES OVER A PASS: In this primitive way supplies have been channeled up to the front line on the Albanian border where, at Vitsi, the Greek Regular Army has scored a series of spectacular successes, routing 7,000 rebels in one week. About 2,500 of the rebels were killed or captured, but about 4,000 of them live to fight another day, having escaped into Albania. Since January the rebels' strength has been vastly reduced

THE BATTLE OF VITSI

WHERE THE GREEK ARMY HAS ROUTED 7,000 REBELS IN A WEEK

At the end of August the Greek frontier posts on a long stretch of the Albanian border south-west of Mount Vitsi were manned by Greek Regular forces for the first time since the second Communist revolt broke out three years ago. All the villages in the Vitsi mountains, which the Communists called "Free Greece," have now been taken under Nationalist control. The rebel headquarters have been captured, and signs are not wanting that the Greek civil war is drawing to a close, but the will-o'-the-wisp tactics of the Communists, and their use of the Albanian frontier as a path of retreat, provide a continuing element of uncertainty.

IN A COMMAND POST ON MOUNT BIKOUIK: Major-General Xerxes Levas, Commander of the 10th Mountain Division of the Greek Nationalist Army, telephones orders during the second day of the big offensive. This battle, fought out in the country west of Florina, resulted in the heaviest defeat yet inflicted on the Communists

THEY CALL HER "THE MOTHER OF THE GREEK ARMY": Mrs. Barbara Theodoropoulous riding on muleback from the forward area at Vitsi as the big battle developed among the mountain passes on the Albanian border

THE GENERAL WITH A WATCHING BRIEF: Lieut.-General James A. Van Fleet, commanding the U.S. Military Mission to Greece, riding up Mount Derven during the battle of Vitsi. While the battle was in progress the Greek Commander-in-Chief, General Pappagos, was lying ill with pneumonia in an Athens hospital

COUNTY CRICKET
Draws to an End
WITH A FLOURISH
Some Thrilling Matches on Sticky Wickets

The County Cricket season has drawn to a close with a real flourish, and instead of Middlesex having things entirely their own way, as they seemed to be doing at one time, they faltered in the last strides, falling twice before the might of Surrey; and Yorkshire, now refreshed with new and youthful talent, came up to challenge at the last moment. The second Middlesex defeat at the hands of Surrey provided a match of real thrills. Nothing could have been more praiseworthy than the uphill battle fought by Middlesex to gain first-innings points, and nothing more complete than their débâcle on a sticky wicket on the last day when set 147 to win. The revival of Yorkshire was not unexpected, as the County of Broad Acres has been fostering its young talent, and now at long last a patient policy is being rewarded.

ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE GREAT BATTLE BETWEEN SURREY AND MIDDLESEX AT LORD'S: Denis Compton drops E. A. Bedser in the slips off the bowling of Edrich. This was not a disastrous lapse, as Bedser was caught by Edrich shortly afterwards. When Middlesex went in, set to get 147, they were caught on a sticky wicket and were all out for 94. As a result of Surrey's victory the championship still hung in the balance, with Yorkshire challenging strongly

DEWES HITS A BALL TO THE BOUNDARY: The Cambridge batsman playing for Middlesex against Surrey. Dewes has been modestly successful with the County side, but he played some spectacular innings for the University earlier in the season

ROBINS PAID THE PENALTY OF JUMPING OUT TO A. V. BEDSER'S BOWLING: Here he is being caught in the slips by M. R. Barton, who is seen just behind the Surrey keeper. Robins came in when Middlesex was caught on a sticky wicket, and for once his ebullient methods did not pay

NO CATCH, BUT A MOMENTARY THRILL: Robertson, the Middlesex No. 1, is seen with the ball in his hands after making what appeared to be a catch from a ball off the edge of Fredericks' bat. The umpire ruled that the ball had bounced. This was in Derby's first innings against Middlesex. It was the last match of the season for Middlesex

DAVID HEATH MAKES HIS DEBUT FOR WARWICK: The seventeen-year-old Moseley Grammar schoolboy playing a ball from Surridge in his first innings in County cricket. Heath (caught Lock, bowled Parker, 0) showed promise in facing up to accurate bowling, and was unfortunate in making his debut on a wicket so markedly favouring the bowler

THE THRIE ESTAITES

The Revival of Sir David Lindsay's Sixteenth-century Morality Play at the Edinburgh Festival

Sir David Lindsay of The Mount wrote his morality play, *The Thrie Estaites*, in 1535, and, so far as is known, never wrote another. No other Scottish dramatist of note (excepting Ben Jonson) appeared until the wig-maker Allan Ramsay published *The Gentle Shepherd* in 1725. Tyrone Guthrie has produced both the plays in this year's Edinburgh Festival from adaptations by Robert Kemp. *The Gentle Shepherd*, a pastoral comedy describing the love affairs of two shepherds, is written in rhymed couplets and is being given by candlelight in the Royal High School, where a special stage has been erected. The programme of this year's Festival of Music and Drama is an impressive one. The Glyndebourne Opera is performing Mozart's *Così Fan Tutte* and Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*; Sir Thomas Beecham conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Mr. Rafael Kubelik the Philharmonia Orchestra; and Sir John Barbirolli and Mr. Eugene Goossens conduct the Berlin Philharmonic. Ballet is provided by the Ballets des Champs-Elysées. Two new plays are making their first appearance at Edinburgh—T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party* and Peter Ustinov's *The Man in the Raincoat*

THE HANGING OF FALSEHOOD AND DECEIT: A scene from "The Thrie Estaites," which Tyrone Guthrie has again produced for the Edinburgh Festival. It was written by Sir David Lindsay, in 1535, and is thus one of the very earliest British plays. Guthrie is also producing a Scottish pastoral comedy "The Gentle Shepherd," which was first produced in 1729

DAME SENSUALITY WITH TWO OF HER HANDMAIDENS: A scene during rehearsals for "The Thrie Estaites," the Scottish morality play, a satire against the Church of Rome, which was a big success when it was last revived at the 1948 Festival

"THE POOR MAN" CREATES A DISTURBANCE IN PARLIAMENT: Sir David Lindsay, author of the play, wrote in the "vulgar" Scottish tongue, some sixty years before Shakespeare's day

ANE SATYRE OF THE THRIE ESTAITES: The play was produced last week at the Assembly Hall and will run for three weeks. Most of the costumes are last year's, which have been reconditioned, but a new dress was made for Catherine Lawson, who plays the part of "Sensualitie." The play was adapted by Robert Kemp, who also adapted "The Gentle Shepherd"

PUTTING A BUILDING INTO SPLINTS

The Unpublicised Art of Scaffold Construction

By CHARLES GRAVES

UP in the wilds of Cumberland near the tiny hamlet of Windscale—not far from Seascale—the foundations of Europe's most Wellsian building are slowly taking shape. For this is to be the Government's vast new Atomic Energy Research Station. Of its twelve buildings one alone will be 500 yards long and 200 ft. high, with chimneys 400 ft. tall. Various estimates on what it will cost have been made, but as one tender was £750,000 more than another, it must run into very considerable money. The length of time it will take to erect is also a matter of conjecture—anything from five to ten years. Actually, the time taken is expected to be lessened by several months owing to the invention of a new type of scaffold clip which entirely eliminates the use of screws, and is based on a series of self-tightening wedges. In other words, the builders of our most advanced edifice are planning to go back to the type of scaffolding used in mediæval times for the erection of such vast buildings as St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Peter's, Rome, and the Leaning Tower of Pisa—always with the difference that the wedges will be of steel. Scaffolding has travelled far and fast in the past fifty years, when it was all done with poles and tarred-hemp lashings. The poles, either of fir or spruce, were imported from the virgin forests of Russia and Norway. The advantage over the British variety was that they were lighter, straighter and less knotty. The very best poles, known as Petersburgs, cost only 1s. 6d. each, although they were 22 ft. long and had a diameter of 2½ ins. at the top. Considering that they had to be cut, trimmed, floated downstream, loaded on to a ship, sent across to England, unloaded at the docks, "barged" across the Thames, unloaded again and stacked, there cannot have been much profit to the exporters. (To-day, wooden poles cost 6½d. a foot, but are only used for special purposes in scaffolding.) The tarred-hemp lashings were anything from 12 ft. to 18 ft. long, and the normal type cost 8s. a dozen. In those days, scaffolding was a considerably expert job. There were at least three different types of "tie," each of which had to have a wooden wedge driven into it to tighten it up. In dry weather the lashings slackened, and as many as six men had to be employed in overhauling and tightening the lashings on a normal-sized building. In those days they received only 6½d. an hour, and when Mr. Edward Palmer—the doyen of British scaffolders to-day—was a youngster, the day began at 6 a.m., perhaps at Westminster Bridge, where he and his mate would load up a barrow with maybe 15 cwt. of poles and push it four or five miles to the site before starting work, finishing at 6 p.m., with an hour and a half break for the midday meal. Wages worked out at about 27s. 6d. a week, but you could buy a meal of steak-and-kidney pudding, two vegetables and plum duff for 6d., or a cooked bloater for 1d., two kippers for 1½d., fried eggs and bacon for 2d., a lump of cake for ½d. and ditto for a large cup of tea. Beer, moreover was 4d. a quart. "There's no doubt about it that we were worked very hard in the old days," Mr. Palmer will tell you, "but things certainly cost a great deal less than to-day."

Most of us who have seen scaffolders at work have got the impression that they do not work as hard as they might. Nor is that incorrect. It has been estimated for me that it takes at least five men to do the work of three before the war, but there are two reasons why they are not altogether to blame. The first is that during the war, when so many buildings were being erected on a cost-plus basis, some employers actually encouraged their workmen to hang around and thus add to the expense of the contract. Naturally the word reached those scaffolders who were in the Army, and when they came back they took for granted they were on Easy Street. Another reason for their slacking is that when their trade union got their minimum pay raised to 2s. 8½d. an hour, the Master Builders' Association decided among themselves not to pay more than the union rates even to good men who worked hard. There are, of course, exceptions to this, one of them being Mr. Palmer, who starts his men at above the union rates, but lets them go if their work is not above the average. Many builders also are now paying bonuses to craftsmen—either sharing the time saved with their men, or giving them the whole difference if they work faster and complete the contract ahead of time. It is only the past year that scaffolders are even beginning to approximate their output to pre-war times, but Mr. Palmer, for example, expects his men to put up on an average nine squares a day. A square, in fact, is 100 sq. ft. of scaffolding going up the side of a house or other building. But men who remember the wartime days, when as much as £40 was charged to put up a scaffold to fix a few feet of gutter, or saw the same scaffold being erected and taken down twice on the same job, are still disinclined, on the whole, to work full out. To-day, of course, the wooden poles have largely given place to tubular steel. The hempen lashings were replaced by wire, and screws have been taking the place of wedges. In some cases, owing to the shortage of steel, the tubes have been made of aluminium alloy. These are twice as expensive as the steel tubing, which costs 9½d. a foot, but, of course, are much lighter. As such they are popular with the scaffolders, but are disliked by the bricklayers because they are less rigid and give to inexperienced men a feeling of insecurity. In fact, scaffolders have remarkably few accidents, and after a very short time think nothing of working from 60 ft. upwards above the ground. Mr. Palmer can recall the days when he helped to repaint the spire of Big Ben, over 300 ft. above ground. Although it was done in the days of poles and lashings, he thought nothing of it. In the case of his own firm, only four scaffolders have been killed on the job in fifty years. One trod on a piece of wet paint on the top of the building and slipped over. Another, having lowered all his gear, went mad and jumped off the roof. The third, who had rigged up a scaffold inside a gasworks which had been blitzed, slipped and fell. The fourth presumably fell from the flat roof on which he was working. His body was found next morning, but nobody knew what had happened. The truth is that scaffolders become so used to working at a considerable height above the ground that they become over-confident and it is the experienced men rather than newcomers who have the accidents.

THE CENTRAL SPIRE OF LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL IS SURROUNDED WITH SCAFFOLDING: One windy afternoon, Mr. W. A. Bee, head verger at Lichfield, was astonished to see the Cross on top of the 258-ft. central spire swaying to and fro in the breeze. A steeplejack was sent for, and he reported that the top 20 ft. of the spire was in danger of collapsing at any time. To-day the spire is in splints, and while the work of reconstruction goes on a nation-wide appeal for funds has been launched to defray the cost

Tubular steel was a Belgian invention, and was not brought to England until 1919. Bush House, Aldwych, and Devonshire House, Piccadilly, being the first two big buildings erected in this way. Its advantage is that it is not affected by climatic conditions, and can be easily introduced into narrow or crooked entrances. Moreover, it lasts indefinitely if properly cared for. Not that either the tubes or the scaffold-clips are always cherished by the workmen. Some contractors reckon on a loss of as much as 20 per cent. on fittings in a year, thanks to bad handling and sheer carelessness.

In its simplest form the scaffold can be a single plank supported by trestles. But one presumes that in ancient days solid towers of wooden poles had to be erected when it came to building cathedrals and campaniles. Technically there are seven different types of scaffold, each used for its special purpose. These include suspended scaffolding, in other words, cradles. One of the first of the travelling cradles was scoffed at by builders until the Diamond Jubilee, when a firm responsible for keeping the illuminations going found that it was almost impossible to do so when it rained. The police would not allow ladders to be put up against the side of the buildings when the candles had flickered out for fear of their being knocked over by the crowds below. Only the travelling cradle as we know it to-day could do the job. Travelling cradles and every other modern device will doubtless be used at Windscale in order to save not only time but labour. According to Mr. Palmer, who has just celebrated his fiftieth consecutive year in the scaffolding business, the new type of scaffold coupler which he intends to use at Windscale should save at least 50 per cent. of the normal time taken to erect and dismantle the tubular steel. As about 2,000,000 ft. of tubular steel will ultimately be required for the research station, this is immensely important. Moreover, it is almost impossible to waste time with the new type of coupler. All the scaffolder has to do is to drive the wedges home with a hammer, instead of screwing the nuts with a spanner. There are no threads to get buried or rusted. This elimination of screws and the self-tightening quality of the coupler should make it particularly suitable for use overseas with untrained labour. In the meantime, the circle has been completed, and the scaffolding of the world's newest building will, I repeat, be done on the same wedge principle as employed by the builders of Westminster Abbey.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

ANNE BOLEYN TAILORED TO FIT

Yet Another Writer Makes the Mother of Elizabeth the Central Figure in an Historical Novel

THERE never could be a story so specially well-tailored to fit an historical novel as that of Anne Boleyn. That it has been done before and will be done again makes no matter, for a skilled novelist can take any one of a number of points of view of this controversially historical character and her colourful contemporaries.

Mrs. Margaret Campbell Barnes, in BRIEF GAUDY HOUR (Macdonald. 10s. 6d.), deals affectionately, almost lovingly, with the mother of Elizabeth, sparing her none of her faults but showing her more to be a victim of circumstances and of forces beyond her control than of her own ambitious waywardness.

If Anne pursued Wolsey vindictively and relentlessly to his death, Mrs. Barnes is at pains to make it clear that it was because the Cardinal had viciously stamped upon and destroyed the love of her life. Thomas Wyatt and George Boleyn are resplendent with all the attractiveness the author can lavish upon them, while even the King can be granted a faint aura of human kindliness to set off his outrageous monstrosities. Whether or not Henry was kept at bay so efficaciously and easily is a matter in which Mrs. Barnes chooses to do battle with the historians.

The result is an extremely readable and very pleasant, if imaginative, reconstruction of a story which never loses its fascination.

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE (Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.) is the charmingly evocative and sensitive novel by Mr. Robert Nathan about a New York painter and the girl who appeared to him from time to time, and from another age, and yet became his true love. The little story, simple, wistful and enchanting without the blemish of coyness, was first published during one of the grimmest of the war years, and it is a pleasure to see that it is available once more.

Mr. John Brophy's new novel JULIAN'S WAY (Collins 10s. 6d.) is substantial, thoughtful and somehow Victorian in tone, in spite of its setting—Palestine in the last post-war period of the British mandate—and the frankness with which physical and spiritual problems are discussed and analysed. It is this constant theme of analysis, as a matter of fact, which gives the book that particular quality which some will call profundity and some weightiness.

The story opens on Mount Carmel, with a young British officer, Julian Boyd, and a girl, Margit Tolnay, at the beginning of their friendship. He has seen much war service and is now discovering Palestine for himself in an intellectual voyage which is to lead him to a fresh appraisal of the values of Christianity, and the behaviour of a number of widely different Christians who range from the orthodox and bigoted to the unconventionally liberal. The girl, who has escaped from Hungary with devoted Jewish friends, has a crisply-expressed mind of her own, and a coolly objective attitude to religion as a whole.

Between them they manage to solve their own problems, which include the man's discovery that the girl is not, as he had thought, Jewish herself, and in arriving at the solution they and their equally articulate friends cover a vast amount of ground, both geographically and spiritually. There are minor plots, too, concerning a rigidly Christian soldier wrongly arrested for drug-smuggling; an elderly English aristocrat of a sage's habit of mind and a hermit's habit of body; a young and ubiquitous Jew with a pathetic penchant for playing the mystery man, and a fanatic young English Jew-baiter whose particular madness never convinced me in its practice and violence. Mr. Brophy, however, does tell his tale with conviction, and this novel of his establishes him, once and for all, as a serious writer.

There is real originality in the theme of Mr. Arthur Miller's novel, FOCUS (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), just as there is real force in his writing of it. Mr. Miller is the author of a play which is currently one of Broadway's greatest successes, but this appears to be his first novel, and shows another facet of his considerable talent. Lawrence Newman, the hero in a true sense, of this story, is a middle-aged office-worker, a "personnel manager," of irreproachable mildness, and indeed dullness, who lives in that immense, flat section of Greater New York called Queens. Each day he journeys into his Manhattan office, and each evening back again to his little house and his invalid mother.

Then one day he finds his sight is too muzzy to continue without glasses, and he is fitted with a pair. Immediately the focus of his eyes, and of his whole life changes, for with the spectacles on he looks like a Jew. It is not his imagination. Everyone remarks on it, from his mother to the head of his firm, who takes his job away from him. The organised and savage anti-Jewish element in his otherwise quiet neighbourhood begin to victimise him. Refuse from his dustbin is scattered over his small front lawn at night; he is thrown out of a local meeting, and, finally, he is beaten up.

Through all this the turmoil in his own mind, even after he has succeeded in getting another job and has married reasonably happily, is extreme, and although he knows himself to be a Christian of ordinary English extraction, he finds himself torn between his selfrighteously "Aryan" persecutors and his fellow-victims. The end you must read in the author's own words, and I think it will not disappoint you. A really remarkable book.

THE GALLUPS IN ENGLAND: Dr. George Gallup, of poll fame, and Mrs. Gallup at Southampton on the "New Amsterdam," inward-bound from New York

TEA WITH MR. ROCHESTER (Michael Joseph. 7s. 6d.) is a collection of short stories which I also recommend to you, although in every way but one they are utterly different from the book mentioned above. In conception, in execution, in setting, they are worlds apart from Mr. Miller's work, though they have an airy excellence of their own. The point that they have in common is their deep and sensitive understanding of the human beings they discuss, with their oddities and quirks and frailties, their flashes of cowardice and courage.

Of the fourteen little stories by Frances Towers, some are almost too tenuous, but all bear the writer's very personal imprint, and all are expressed with that kind of verbal elegance that halts well on this side of affectation. There is wit here, too, acute and feminine and very enjoyable, as in the title story which I know that I shall remember for a long time.

Ramón Sender is a Spanish novelist of real distinction, who has been living in exile since the civil war in his country, and it is that war which is the background of his new book, THE KING AND THE QUEEN (Grey Walls. 9s. 6d.). With admirable economy he sketches in the setting: a ducal palace in Madrid in the late summer of 1936; and in a very few pages introduces the reader to the principal protagonists: the duke, politically courageous and personally full of indecision; the duchess, young, clever and indolent; and the head gardener, Rómulo, whose slowly moving mind takes its time in altering the trend of his traditional loyalty.

At the outbreak of the civil war, in which the duke is actively implicated, the palace is captured by the Republicans, and the big staff dismissed, with the exception of Rómulo, who is found to be the only one owning a trade-union card. To his own dumb surprise, for he had forgotten joining any union, he is allowed to stay on, and it is he who looks after the duchess, hidden in rooms at the top of a tower. It is with the changing relationship between these two grotesquely different people that the novel is mainly concerned, and here the author has effectively shown his command of technique and his sensitive handling of words. It is an odd but somehow haunting story.

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOCK (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.) is, as you will have guessed, a detective-story, and more precisely it is a story about the Machiavellian figure of "H.M.", the portentous and irascible gentleman who has animated some of the best of Mr. Carter Dickson's mysteries. In the present one he is as omniscient and as bad-tempered as ever, and just as ever, curiously likeable. In the circles in which he moves (with difficulty, because he is both fat and physically lazy), H.M. is a real creation, and a welcome and familiar figure to all his devoted fans, amongst whom I count myself.

Miss Silver is as different from "H.M." as chalk from cheese, or, rather, as knitting needles from sabres, but she is also an accomplished detective, and the heroine of many of Miss Patricia Wentworth's murder mysteries. In SPOTLIGHT (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.) the redoubtable spinster is faced with the solution of an unpleasant tangle, including violent death and widespread blackmail, but in her own calm way, which is also the way of a first-rate governess, she does her stuff and brings a criminal to justice.

THE REFORMER'S PATH

A New Biography of Shaftesbury

"There is a time to be born, and a time to die—this we readily concede. But is there not also a time to live?" Thus spoke the young Lord Ashley, later to be seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, a prince among reformers, a never-failing fount of philanthropy, as he addressed Parliament upon the Factory Act of 1844. Shaftesbury was born in 1801, in the days when Pitt and Nelson were contriving the downfall of Napoleon, and he died in 1885, when Churchill and Stalin were boys and Victorian England had mounted the band-wagon of limitless prosperity. Barbara Blackburn in NOBLE LORD (Home and Van Thal. 15s.) has written a short, intimate and well-documented biography of this paragon among men. It is a very human document, this story of one born to wealth and privilege, who fought relentlessly for the "under-dog"; an indefatigable figure who never failed to prod and push, and by influence, character and perseverance not only saved England from the revolutions which shook Europe in the middle of the nineteenth century, but achieved solid, lasting reforms, such as the Ten Hours Act, adding vastly to the sum total of human happiness. He trod no path of violence, but along the utterly humdrum road of Committees, Motions, Speeches and Bills made himself a hero in the eyes of millions. Where the Chartist movement gained the workers nothing, the plodding non-violence of Shaftesbury, brought them life, hope and a new dignity.

Sometimes Shaftesbury over-reached himself, notably when he began a campaign for the evangelisation of the fugitive slaves from the American South who settled in Canada. The campaign aroused the deepest anger among many people in the United States. The editor of one religious paper in the slave-holding South, unaware of Ashley's recent succession to the Earldom, wrote cuttingly: "And who is this Lord Shaftesbury? Some unknown lordling; one of your modern philanthropists, suddenly started up to take part in a passing agitation. It is a pity he does not look at home. Where was he when Lord Ashley was nobly fighting for the Factory Bill, and pleading the cause of the English slave? We never even heard the name of this Lord Shaftesbury then."

In the heart of South Africa, bounded by the Orange Free State, Natal and the Cape Province, is Basutoland, a Black mountain commonwealth which, like Switzerland, has preserved its identity in the midst of stronger neighbours and, just as Switzerland fathers the Rhine, the Ruhr, and the Po, Basutoland is the source of the Orange, the Tugela, and a host of streams upon which depends the welfare of Southern Africa. Eric Rosenthal, one of the best-known writers in the Union to-day, appropriately enough calls his new book about Basutoland AFRICAN SWITZERLAND (Hutchinson. 15s.) It is a compreheusive survey, and while the topographical details are interesting, the reader is likely to be much more intrigued by Mr. Rosenthal's account of the manners and customs of the people, of the diet they favour, and their modes of personal adornment. Mr. Rosenthal ends his excellent volume with a plea that the Basuto may be left in peace, outside the bounds of White pressure, so that we may see to what intellectual level this race, developing on its own lines, may attain.

Bill Bowes is a Yorkshireman, hailing from a land which is supposed to produce dour cricketers. His racy book of reminiscences, EXPRESS DELIVERIES (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d.), certainly has nothing dour about it. This fast bowler of the '30's writes with pace and humour of the comedy and drama of cricket, starting with his boyhood among Pennine smoke. Bowes pays a tribute to Clifford Darling, his cricket-loving headmaster at West Leeds High School, who, he says, "gave the best blackboard lectures on cricket I have ever heard." On one occasion, after a rival school had dismissed West Leeds for 33, Darling gave the whole XI a week's detention for cricket lectures, but relented within the hour when West Leeds retaliated by sending back their opponents for 3. Darling substituted for the detentions three half-holidays. Frank Cooper, the captain, took six for one, Bowes took four for none, and Darling took the wicketkeeper aside to ask why he had allowed two byes. Of such stuff is Yorkshire cricket made. In later chapters Bowes describes some of the great Yorkshire teams of his day and his Test Match experiences. He calls Sir Don Bradman the greatest cricketer of all, Denis Compton the most popular, Keith Miller, the most virile, K. S. Duleepsinghi the best-dressed, and Alec Bedser, the best eater. The greatest philosopher was probably his fellow-Yorkshireman, the droll Emmott Robinson, who was wont to tell newcomers to the Yorkshire side: "Get a notebook! Every day when you get back to your room write down what you 've learned from the day's cricket—wheer t' batsmen got t' runs, how they got out, their best shots, state o' t' wicket an' stuff like that. Keep it indexed for reference and keep referring to it. Every day for ten years tha 'll learn summat fresh an' every day after that tha 'll remember summat tha 's forgotten." Also for the sports enthusiast are three new additions to the Sampson Low Sports Books, a 7s. 6d. series, each contributed by an expert. Jack Kramer writes on WINNING TENNIS, Pauline Betz calls her treatise on the game WINGS ON MY TENNIS SHOES, and Mrs. Didrikson Zaharias, who has held the American and British Women's titles, writes on CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF. Admirable illustrations are a feature of this series.

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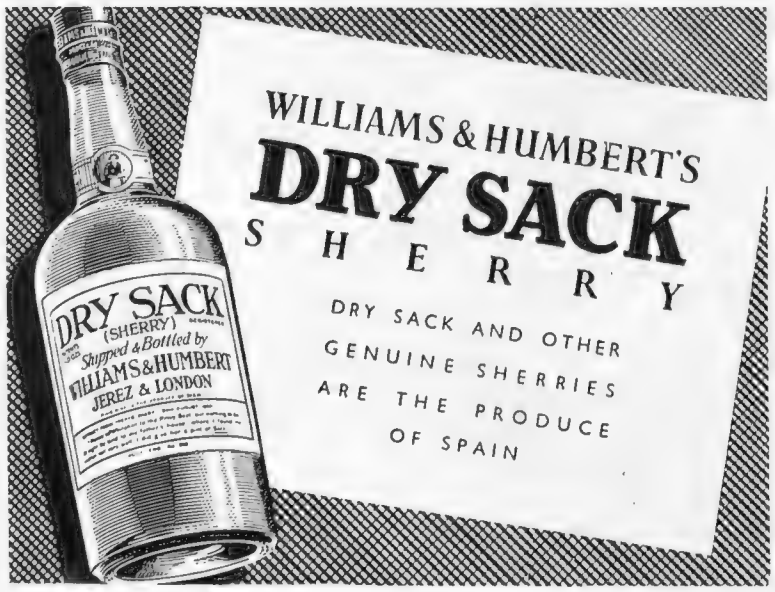

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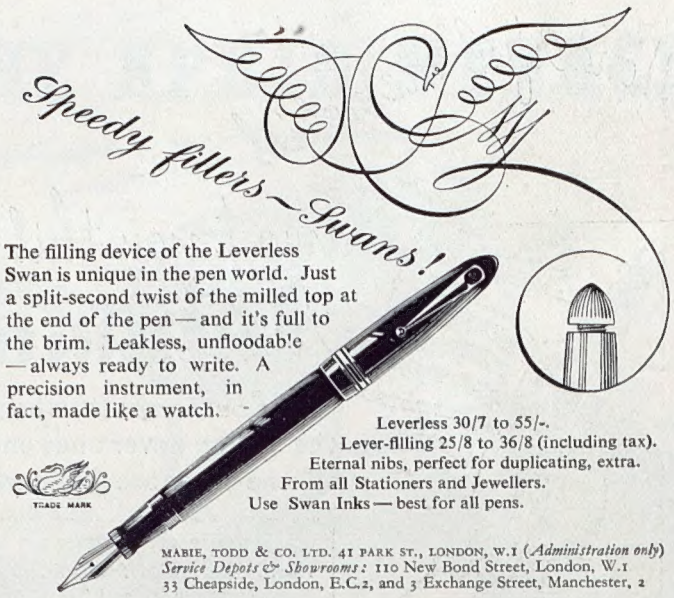

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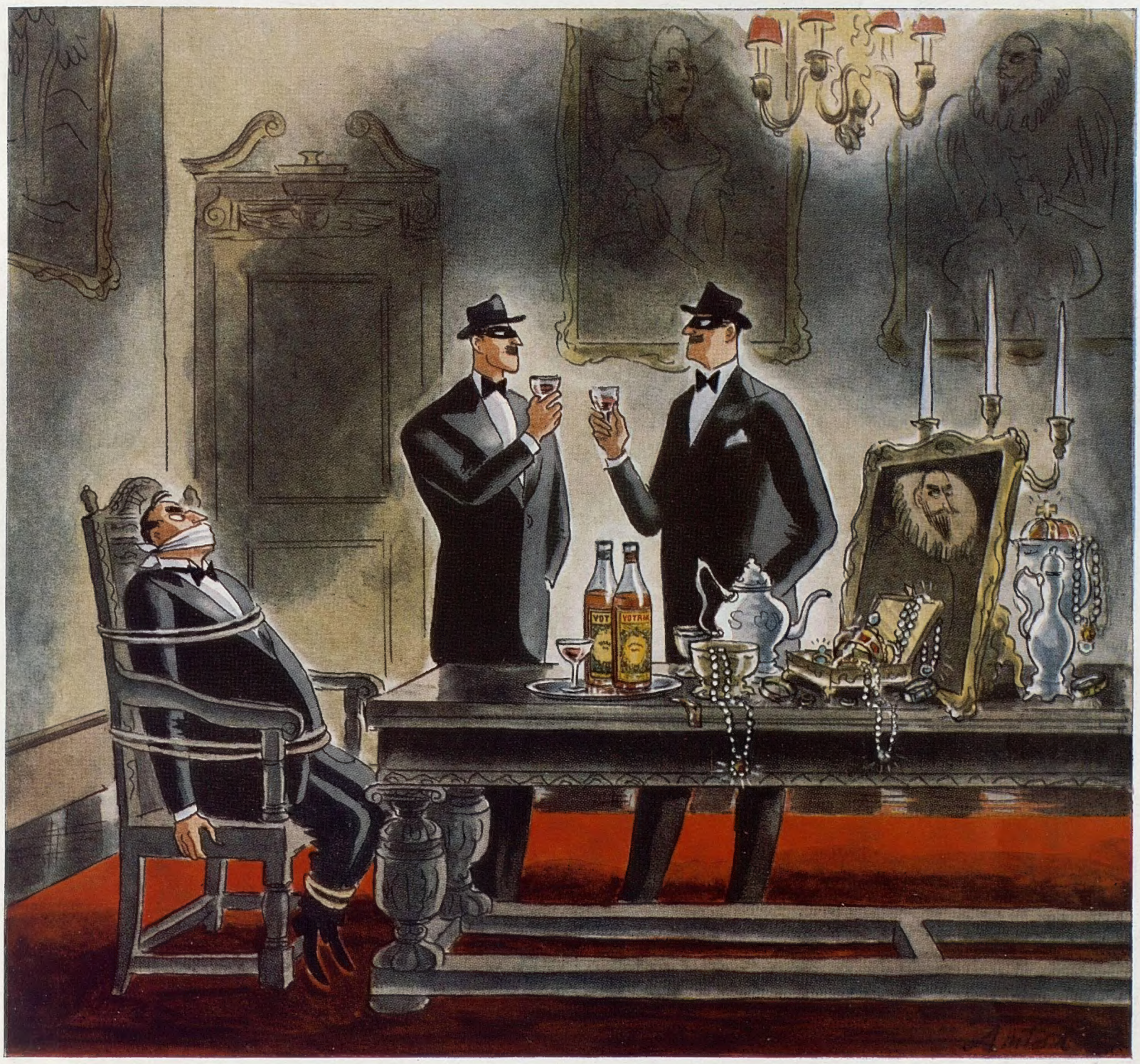

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